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December 1977
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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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THE BIG O CALENDAR
WIZARDRY & WILD ROMANCE 1978

Big O brings you Fantastic Art at its very best. Not so much a calendar, more a unique visual experience to illuminate the passage of the year. Rodney Matthews' vivid compelling illustrations inspired by Michael Moorcock's incredible imagery bring you Corum, Elric & Hawkmoon in their eternal struggle against the Lords of Chaos whilst the Ice Spirit and Tanelorn stand serene in their magical landscapes. Sheer wizardry indeed.

The twelve illustrations are taken from the following Moorcock books:
The Sleeping Sorceress: Elric & Moonglum **GA50,** *Phoenix in Obsidian:* The Sea Chariot of Rowenarc **GA80,** *Lord of the Spiders:* The Great Mishassa **GA54,** *The Oak and the Ram:* The People of the Pines **GA78,** *The Champion of Garathorm:* Ilian of Garathorm **GA81,** *The King of the Swords:* Tanelorn **GA77,** *The Shores of Death:* The Twilight Tower **GA55,** *The Jewel in the Skull:* Hawkmoon Defends Castle Brass **GA53,** *Stormbringer:* The Dragon Lord **GA76,** *Masters of the Pit:* The First Masters **GA79,** *The Knight of the Swords:* Corum Escapes **GA51,** *The Ice Schooner:* The Ice Spirit **GA52.**

In each case, Rodney has interpreted a passage from the book which he feels captures the essence of Michael Moorcock's imagery. And for those Moorcock freaks who can't get enough of the stuff, we've included a current bibliography of the Master's work.

Wizardry & Wild Romance 1978 is printed in full color on fine artboard and we present it to you at a cost of $8.95 in the shops, or $9.50 (inc P&P) direct from Big O.

Each month's illustration is also available as a beautiful full color poster (70 x 100cm) printed on heavy art paper and available in your local record, book or gift shop at $3.50 or $4.00 (inc P&P) from Big O. Titles and ref. nos. given above. Six of these posters have been on sale since last Autumn and now we complete the Wizardry series in grand style with six more of the best. **Don't miss them!**

GA81 *ILIAN OF GARATHORM*

GA76 *THE DRAGON LORD*

RODNEY MATTHEWS POSTERS

GA62 *SPACE HIJACK*

GA63 *ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE*

The Wizardry series are not the only Rodney Matthews posters in our collection. There are other earlier Greats from the brush of El Magnifico and some new ones too. Recently published are GA56 Yellow Bird is Dead, GA62 Space Hijack (shown here), GA63 Another Time Another Place (shown here), GA70 Out of an Amber Sky, GA71 Arrival of the Fire Clown, GA72 Mongrove, GA73 Venus Cruiser, GA74 Vortex, GA75 Lord Jagged of Canaria. The golden oldies are GA30 Last Armada, GA31 In Search of Forever, GA32 Time for Revenge, GA33 The Leavetaking, GA34 Contemplation, GA35 Forest Reckoning, GA36 Warriors from the Sky, GA37 Twelve Towers at Dawn. Besiege your local store for any one of them at $3.50 or get them from us at $4.00 (inc P&P).

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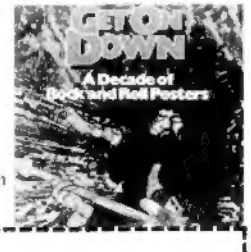

VIEWS

If you've not yet heard of Roger Dean's book **Views**, the best advice we can give is to beat a path down the mountainside to your nearest stockist, thrust $10.95 into his hands and see what all the fuss is about. Or we'll be pleased to send you a copy direct at $11.50 (inc. P&P).

ROGER DEAN POSTERS

Big O publishes many of Roger Dean's album cover designs as beautiful color posters and we have recently put four new posters of his into the shops. The new titles are: GA57 Dragon & Tree, GA58 Budgie, GA60 Greenslade, GA61 Greenslade Sea (shown here). Other best-selling Dean posters available are: GA1 Osibisa, GA2 Osibisa Woyaya, GA3 Zcarab, GA4 Zcarab Landing, GA5 Paladin Charge, GA6 Uriah Heep, GA9 Badger, GA10 Yessongs-Pathway, GA11 Yessongs-Awakening, GA12 Topographic Oceans, GA13 Yessongs-Escape, GA14 Yessongs-Arrival, GA15 Blue Demon, GA16 Bedside Manners, GA17 Relayer, GA18 Yesterdays, GA19 Close to the Edge, GA25 Virgin Label, GA26 McKendree Spring, GA27 Green Castle, B132 Yes Logo.

GA61 *GREENSLADE SEA*

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Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 9 December 1977

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Front cover by **Jean Solé** Back cover by **Howard Chaykin**

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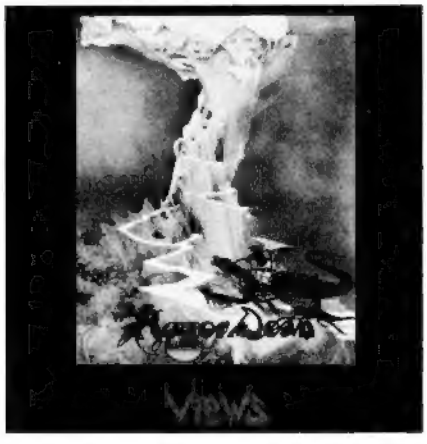

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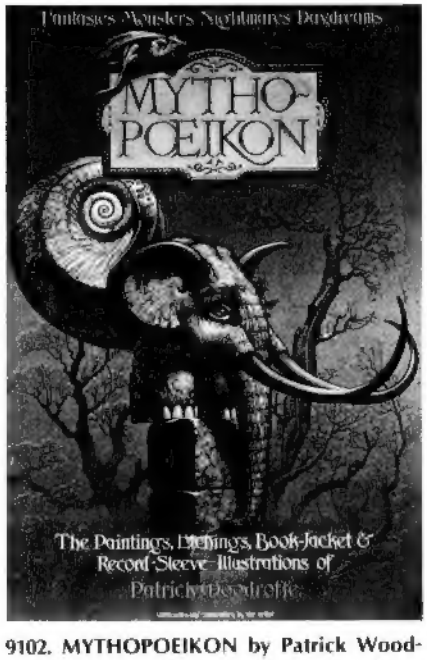

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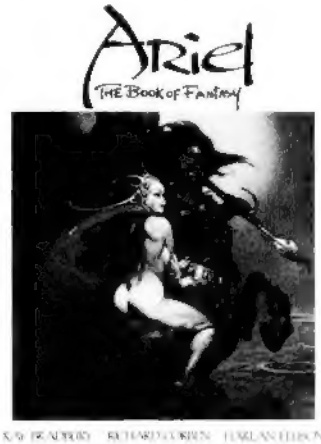

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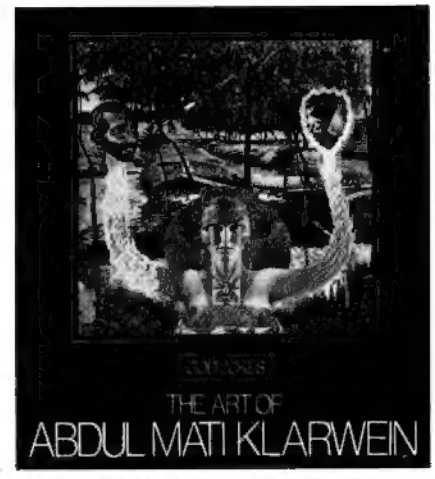

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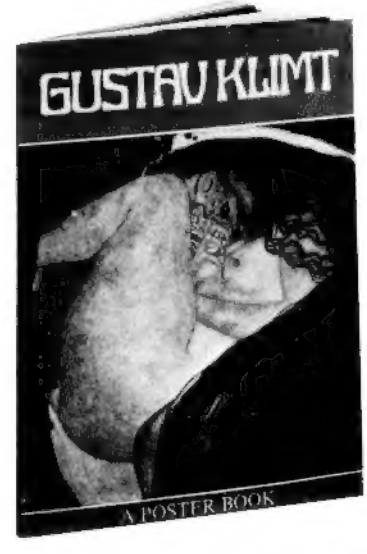

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...REGARDLESS...

"Vuzz," 60 pgs of which here appear, was originally published in 9 parts in 9 issues by our French friends at *Metal Hurlant*. We, however, are giving it to you straight. Editor Marchant, a somewhat reserved customer, was heard to observe in mid-translation, re Druillet, "This guy has *some* imagination!" Well, that's the truth.

So does American heterosexual artist H. Chaykin, whose works grace our back cover and 4 pages within, and who does not live in Chicago, have one.

An imagination, that is.

Steven Spielberg imagined *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, which even now is playing down the street and giving aid and comfort to those who imagined that there has to be *something* out there. The chapter from his book of his movie we print here does not give away the plot.

This slightly festive and slightly fatter edition of *HM* will, the computer in the basement predicts, sell ¼ million copies. Imagine that.

But then, we can't imagine how much we can't imagine . . .

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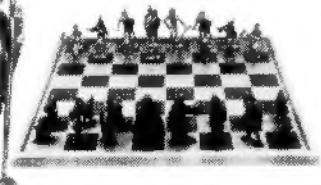

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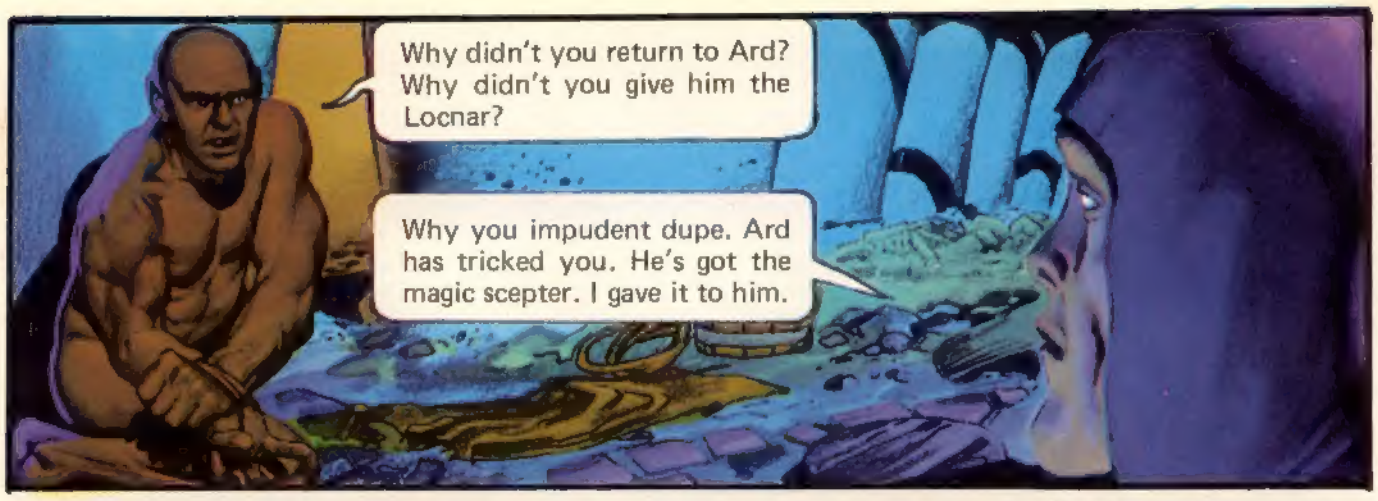
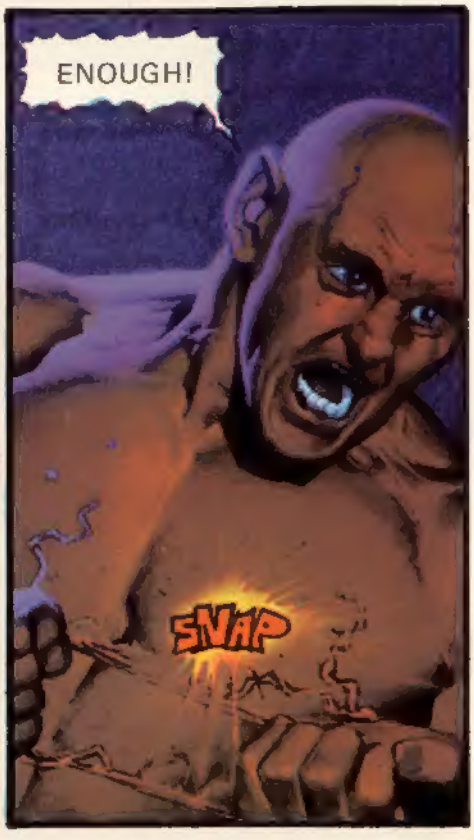
DEN
There was a subconscious memory revealed to me within the dream. My uncle Dan had come to this world, Neverwhere, before me. He had become Den and had many adventures there but was finally killed by treachery. Somehow I was reincarnated as Den when I arrived in this universe. I feel compelled to discover his full story, but first I must disentangle myself and my beloved Kath from Ard's entwining tentacles. Slowly the veil of drugged sleep dissolved.
Wake up Den.
Kang!


Why didn't you return to Ard? Why didn't you give him the Locnar?
Why you impudent dupe. Ard has tricked you. He's got the magic scepter. I gave it to him.

He now seeks to be rid of us by having us kill each other.

We can beat him by joining forces. I have a plan. I. . .


ENOUGH!
SNAP

KRAK!

THUD
AARRRGH!
THUMP
unh!
KLAK
KRAK!
UNK!
WHAP!

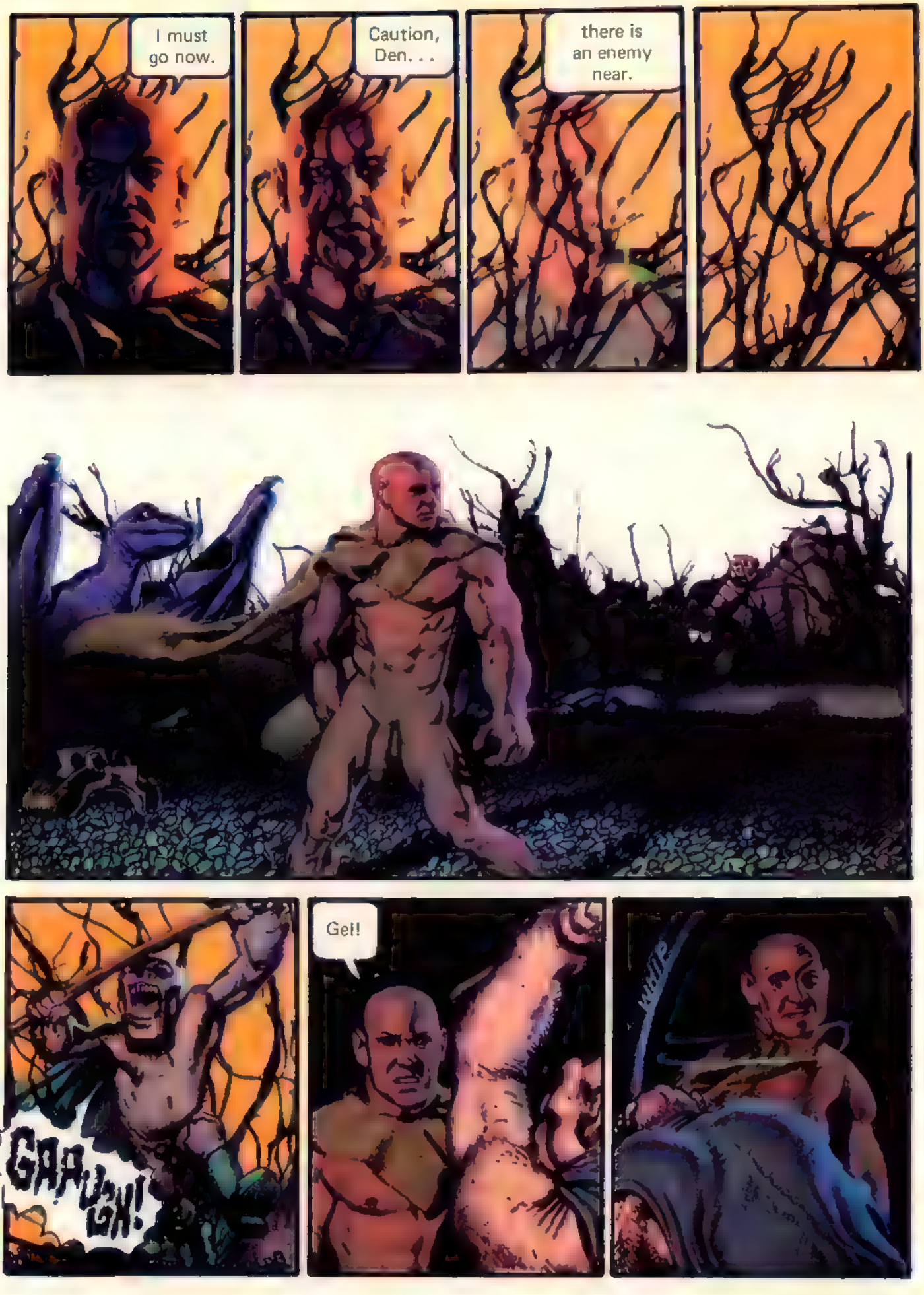
OOF!
WHUD!
OOOOUGH!
KRAK!
I'm tired of being everyone's fool!
What if he's telling the truth?
Kath, what shall I do?

Sorry, Den. I need the Locnar.

Oh dark forces, harken to my command! Through this demon scepter, send my voice to the necromancer Ard.

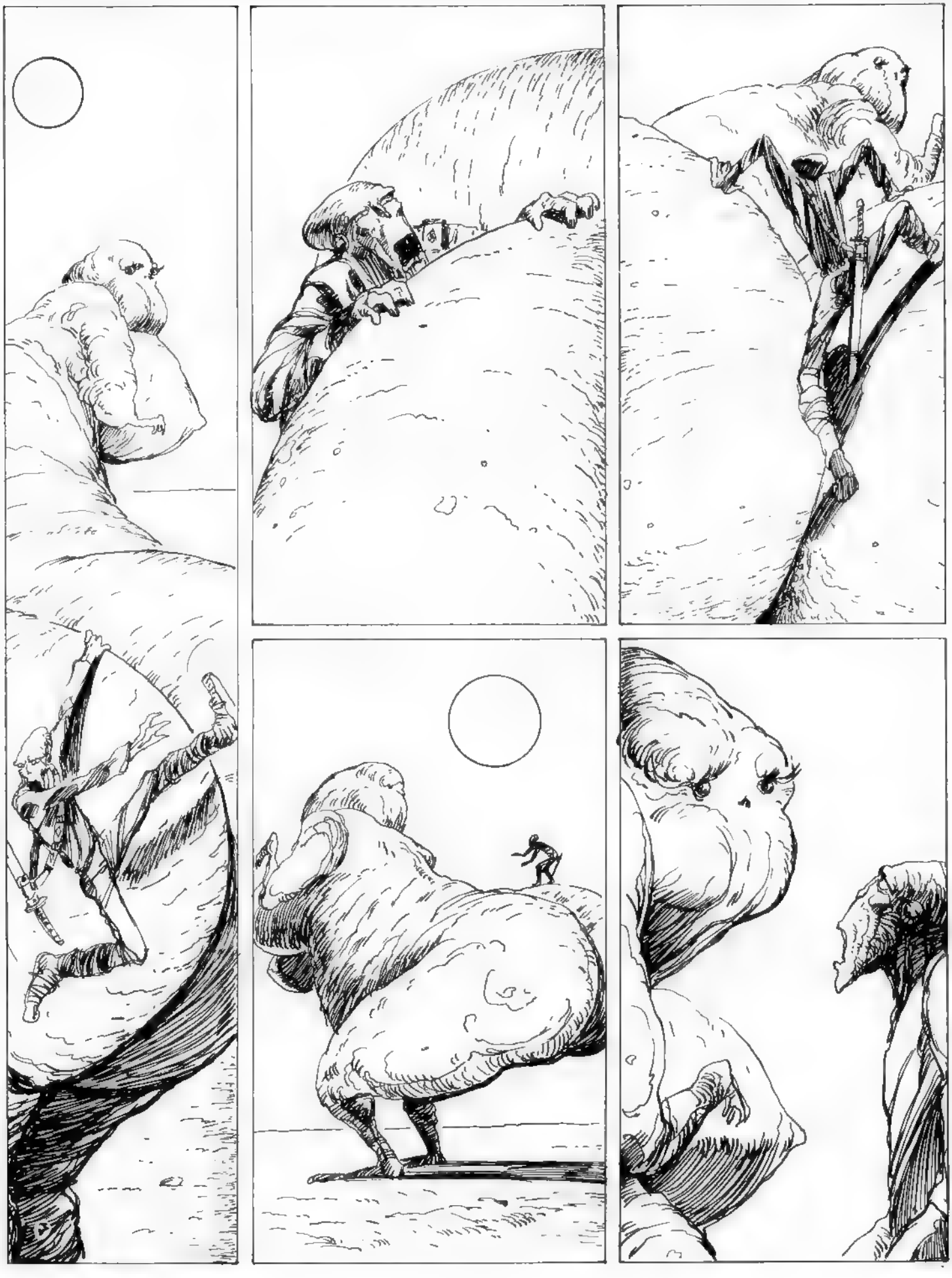
I left Mugoor the primitive settlement and returned to where I had left Kang's flyer. I was in a state of overpowering anxiety and emotional turmoil. I paced for a while.

UNCLE DAN, HELP ME! How can I save Kath?
Suddenly a fierce wind sprung up blowing dust in my eyes. I was startled by an earsplitting clap of thunder. I saw someone.
Who are you?
I am the one upon whom you called.
You must decide your own course of action. I can advise you about only one thing. Do not trust Ard. Do not trust Kang. Do not trust Gel nor the Queen.
UNCLE DAN! . . . er. . . Den!


I must go now.
Caution, Den. . .
there is an enemy near.
GRAUGH!
Get!

WHHIRRRR
THUMPH!
Surrender!
YAAAUGH!
THROK!
KRAK!
KRUCH!
Rest in peace, Gel.
to be continued.

BROMP!
by DRUILLET
VUZZZ
CHAPTER 1

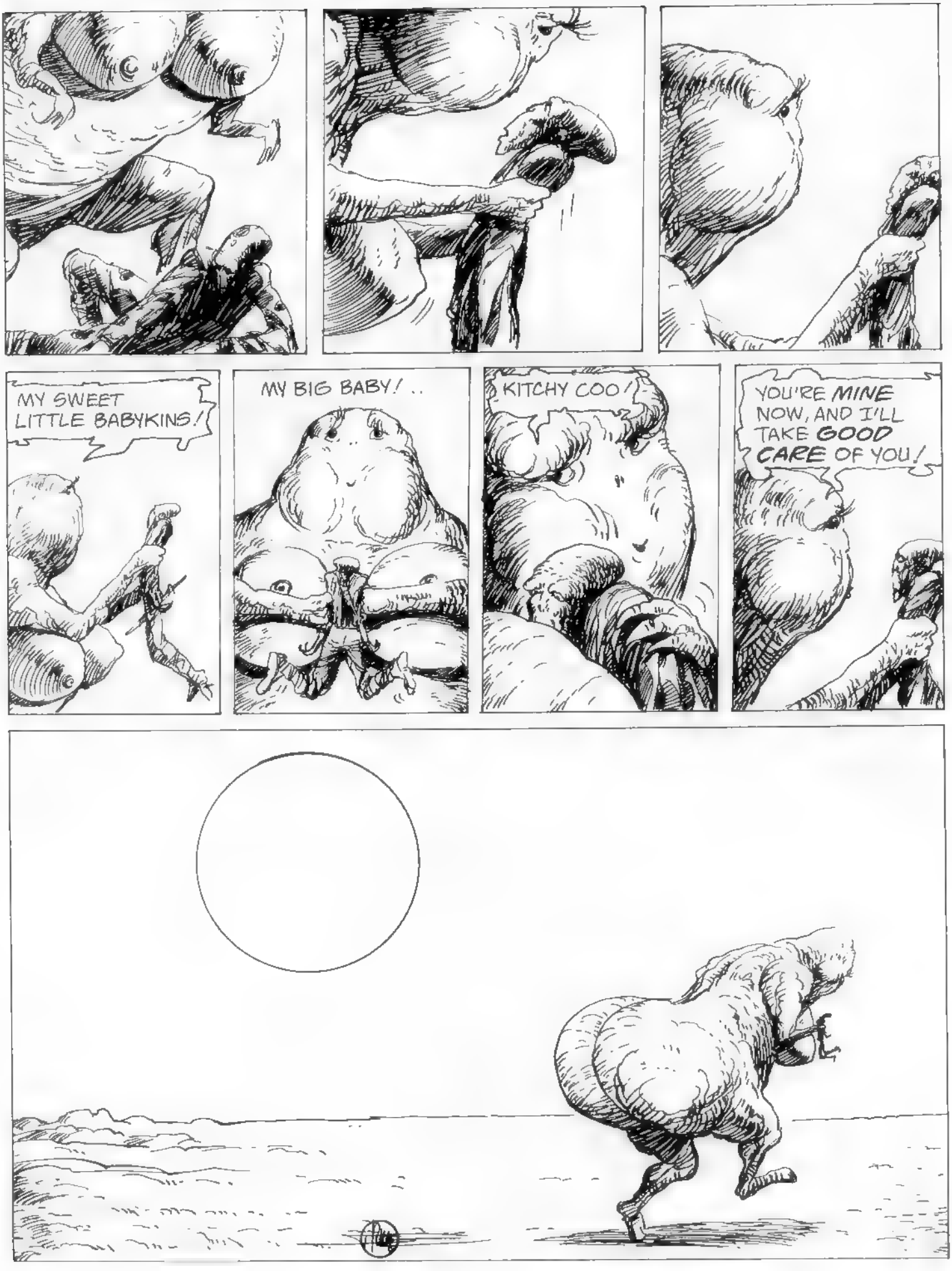


BROMP!
BROMP!
BROMP!

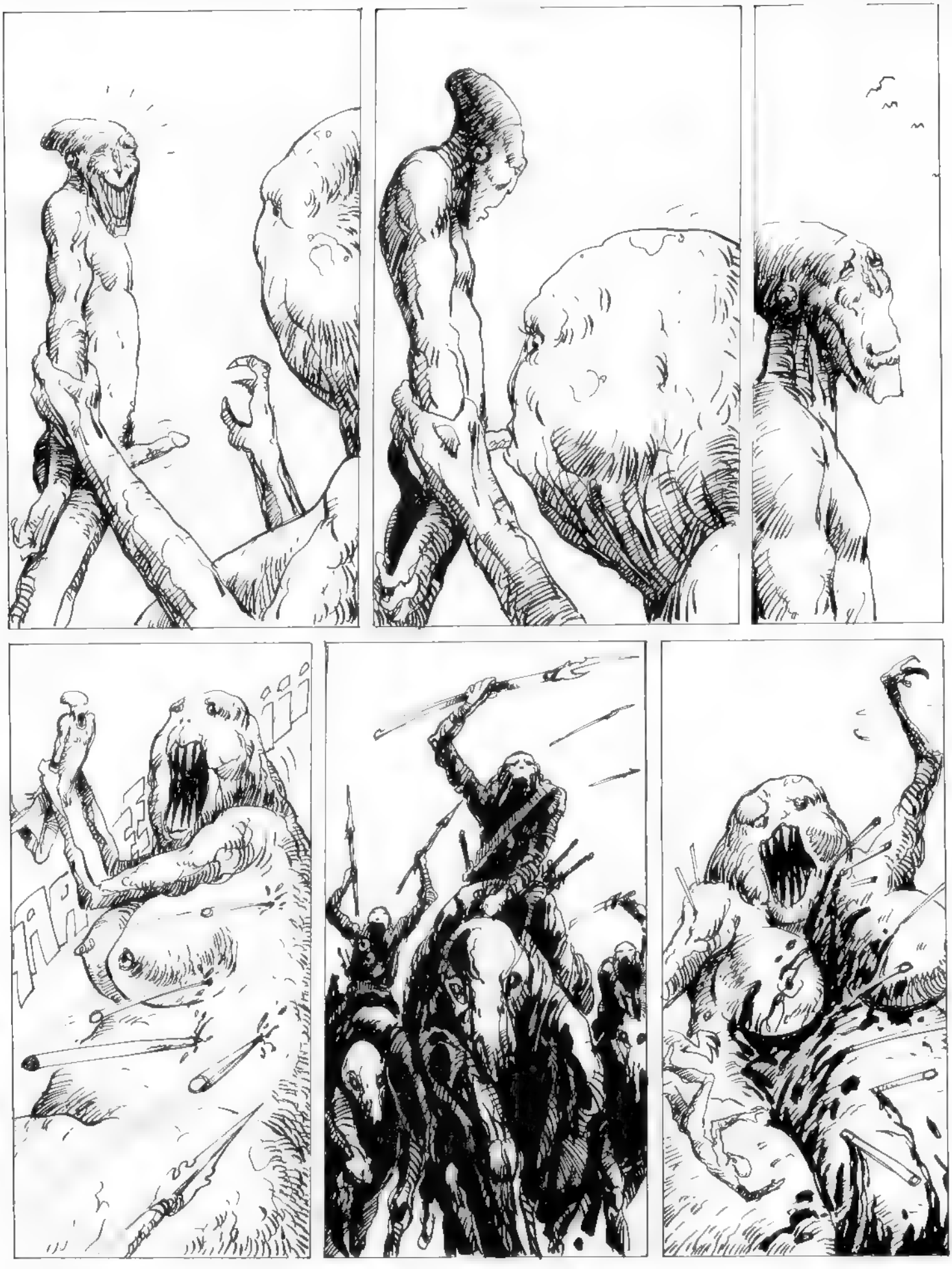
BROUUU

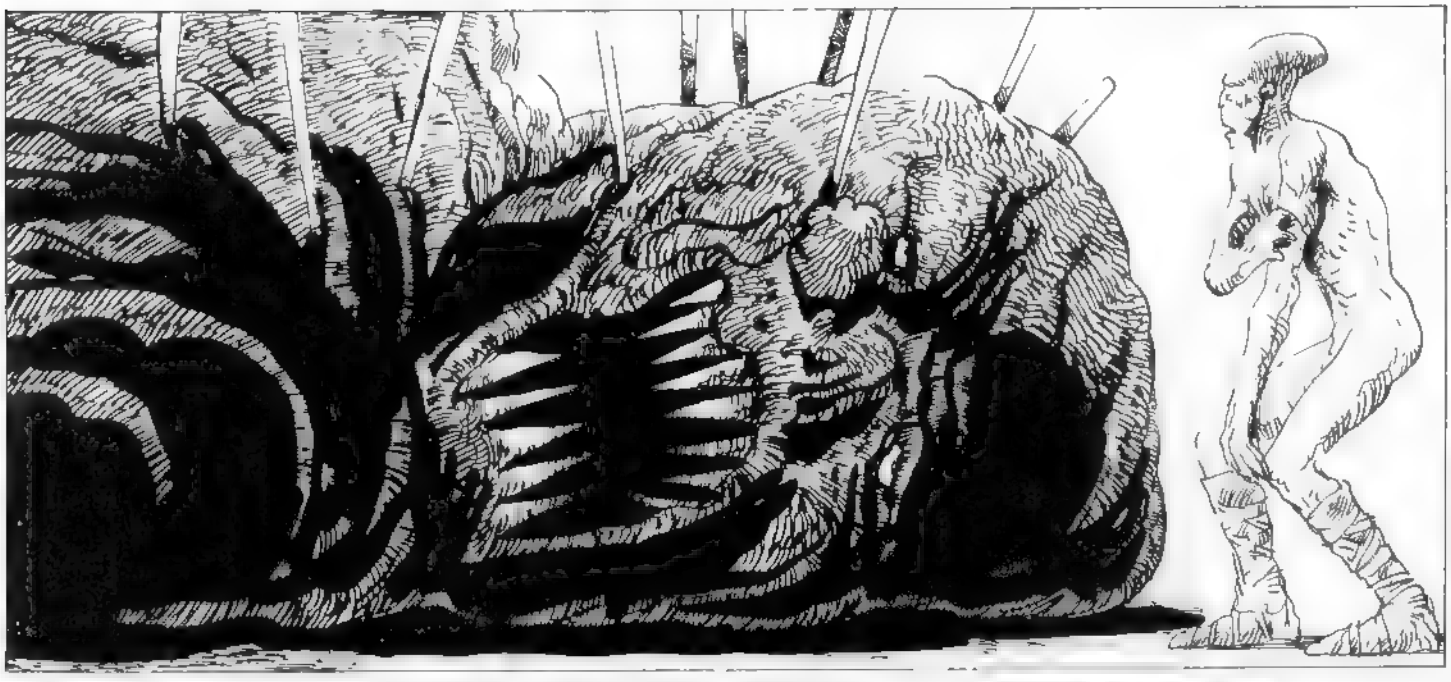
WHY CAN'T I EVER GET A DECENT NIGHT'S SLEEP?
OH, SUFFERING SHIT!

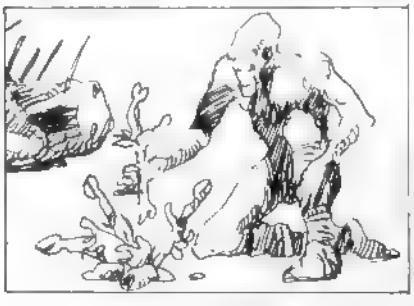
ROWWWW
PRAFF!

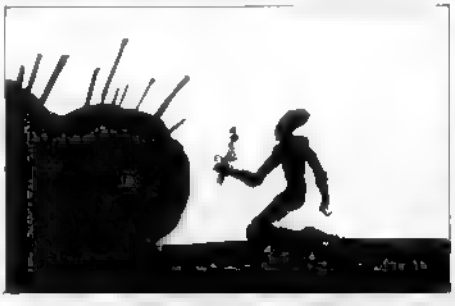

MY SWEET LITTLE BABYKINS!
MY BIG BABY! ..
KITCHY COO!
YOU'RE MINE NOW, AND I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!

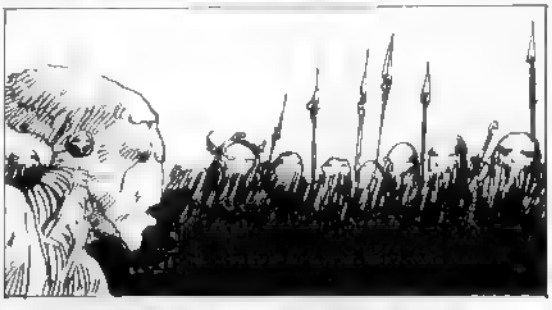
by DRUILLET
VUZZZ
CHAPTER 2
LITTLE TOY!



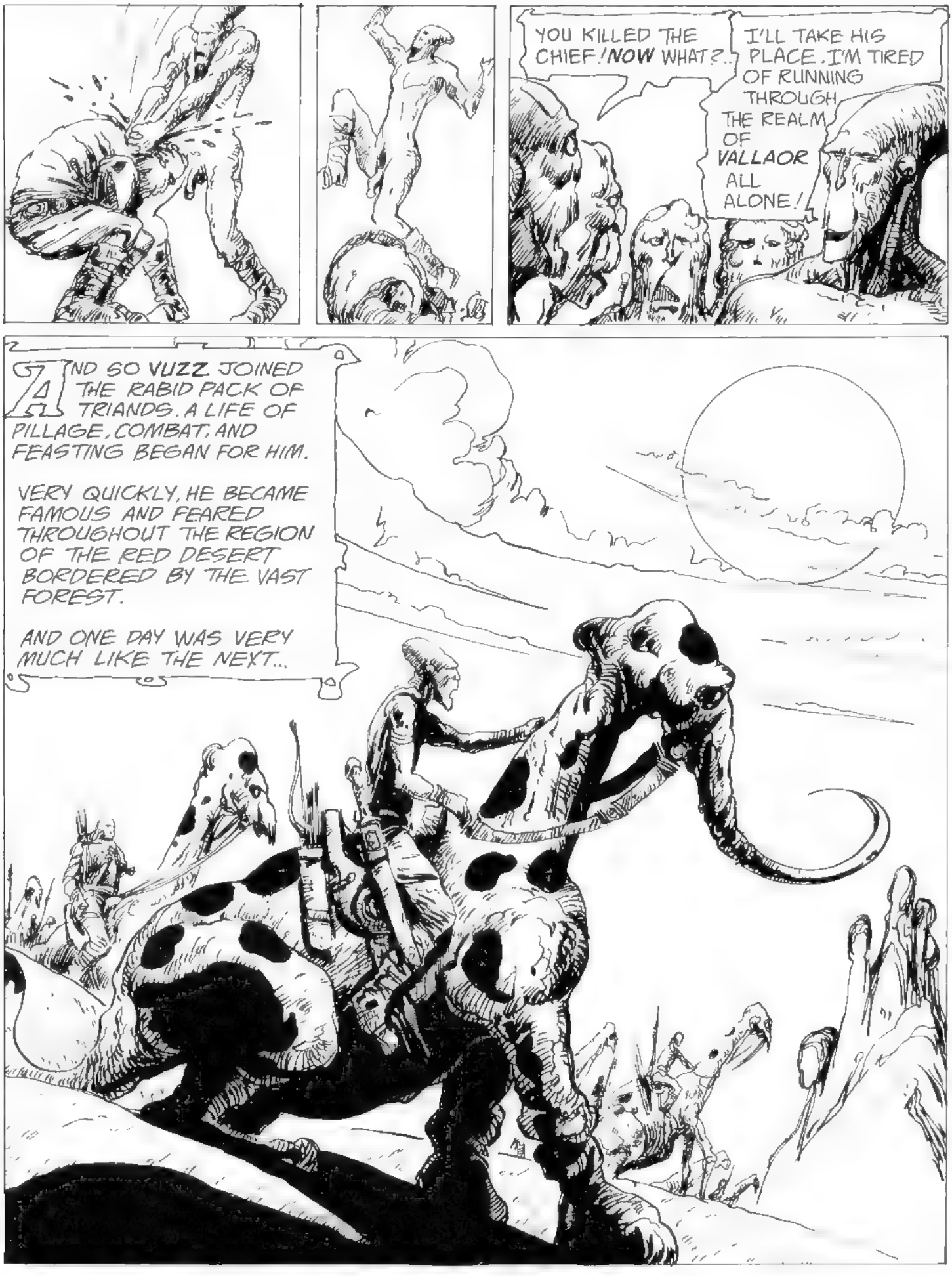




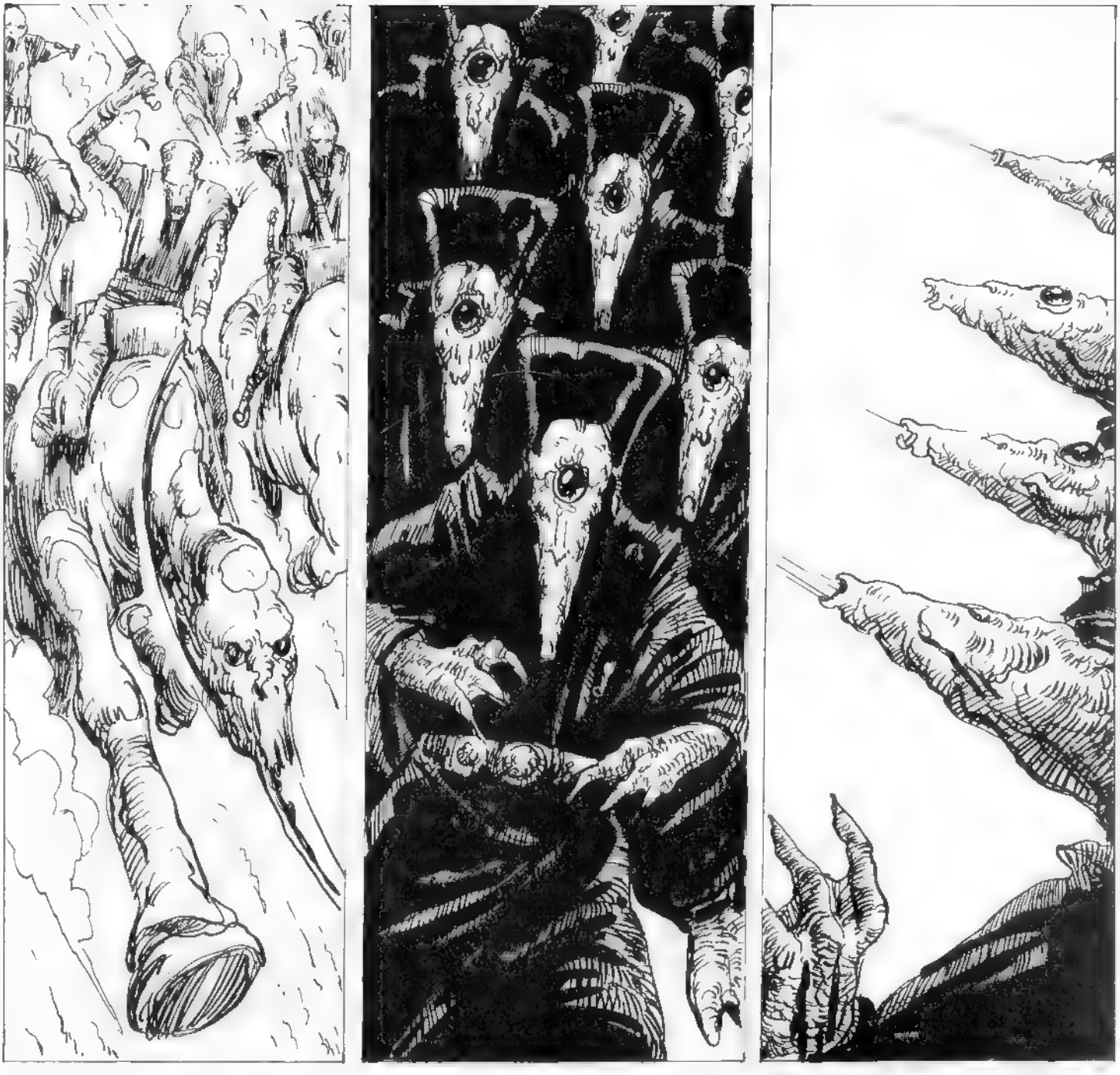


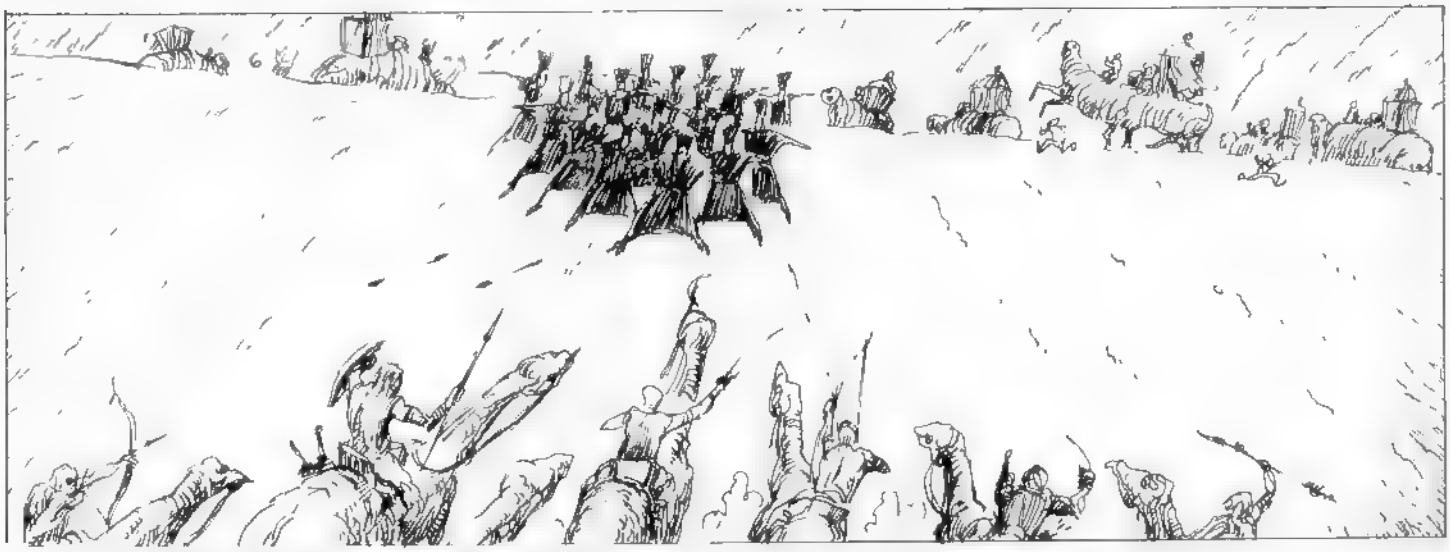


SHALL WE EAT THE LITTLE WORM, TOO?
ONE BITE WOULD DO IT!
GLACK!


YOU KILLED THE CHIEF! NOW WHAT?..
I'LL TAKE HIS PLACE. I'M TIRED OF RUNNING THROUGH THE REALM OF VALLAOR ALL ALONE!
AND SO VUZZ JOINED THE RABID PACK OF TRIANDS. A LIFE OF PILLAGE, COMBAT, AND FEASTING BEGAN FOR HIM.
VERY QUICKLY, HE BECAME FAMOUS AND FEARED THROUGHOUT THE REGION OF THE RED DESERT BORDERED BY THE VAST FOREST.
AND ONE DAY WAS VERY MUCH LIKE THE NEXT...

A SEECK CARAVAN-- DANGEROUS, BUT THE CARGO IS ALWAYS WORTH IT!
by DRUILLET
VUZZZ
CHAPTER 3
SHAKE A LEG! CHARGE!


CAREFUL! THEY'RE SPITTING THEIR VENOM DARTS!!



WATCH IT! THEY'RE TAKING OFF!

AH! HA! PLUNDER! PLUNDER! LOOT AND BOOTY!!

AHH! THE SPOILS OF WAR!

THESE CHITTE MERCHANTS DEAL IN TENDER MEAT!

AAAAH! TO SEX! TO SEX! HA! HA! HA!

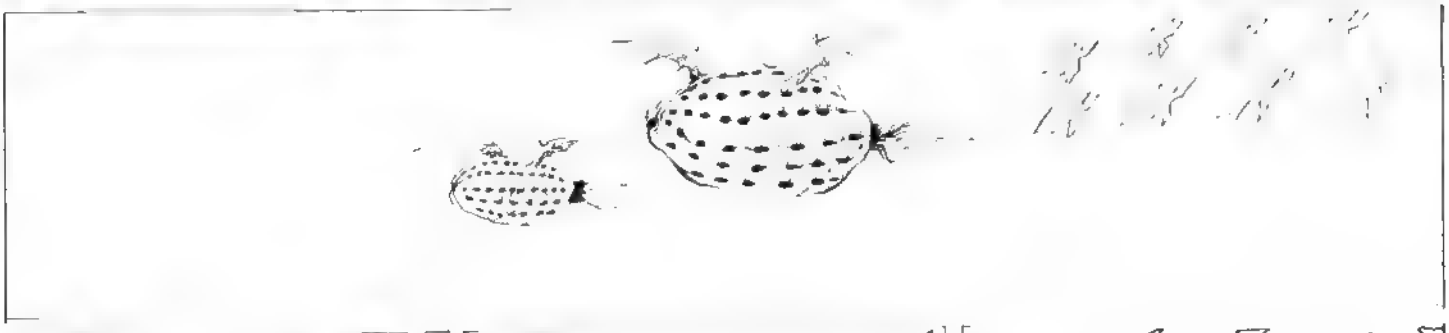
VUZZ! VUZZ! THIS COFFER WAS CAREFULLY HIDDEN AWAY! THERE'S A DOCUMENT INSIDE!

TOTALLY INCOMPREHENSIBLE!

I CAN UNDERSTAND IT--THAT PAPER DESCRIBES THE SEVEN JOYS OF THE LAIDON TEMPLE AND, MORE IMPORTANT, HOW TO GET THERE!!

THE DAYS PASSED. MOUNTAINS TOOK THE PLACE OF DESERTS, DESERTS OF OCEANS, OCEANS OF FORESTS, AND ONE DAY, AS THE SUN WAS SETTING...
by DRUILLET
VUZZZ
CHAPTER 4
THE SLEEPER MOUNTAINS HAVE NEVER BEEN CROSSED--THE TEMPLE IS IN THE CENTER...

THE SLEEPER MOUNTAINS ARE FAMOUS... LEGENDS IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE TELL OF...
WHY ARE THEY FAMOUS?
I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!
FILTHY BEASTS! THEY'VE SCARFED UP ALL OUR BIMBOS! NOW WHAT ARE WE GOING TO FUCK?
EEEYYY!

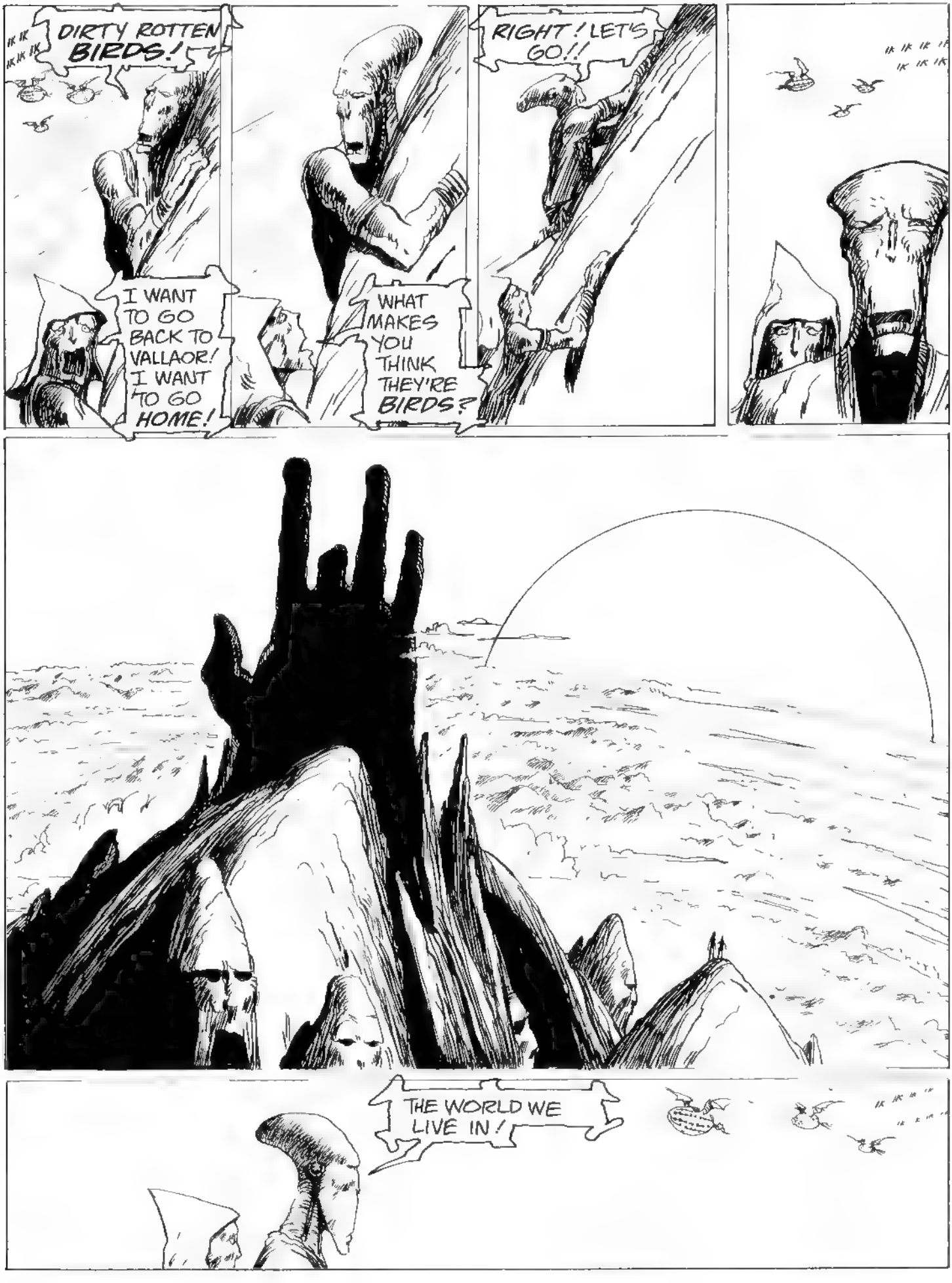


IT'S STOPPED!

ALL THE FELLOWS ARE DEAD! IT MUST BE THE BIRDS THAT STOPPED THE SLEEPERS...
I'VE HAD IT WITH LAIDON AND ITS JOYS. THIS PLACE ISN'T FOR US. I WANT TO GO BACK TO VALLAOR!

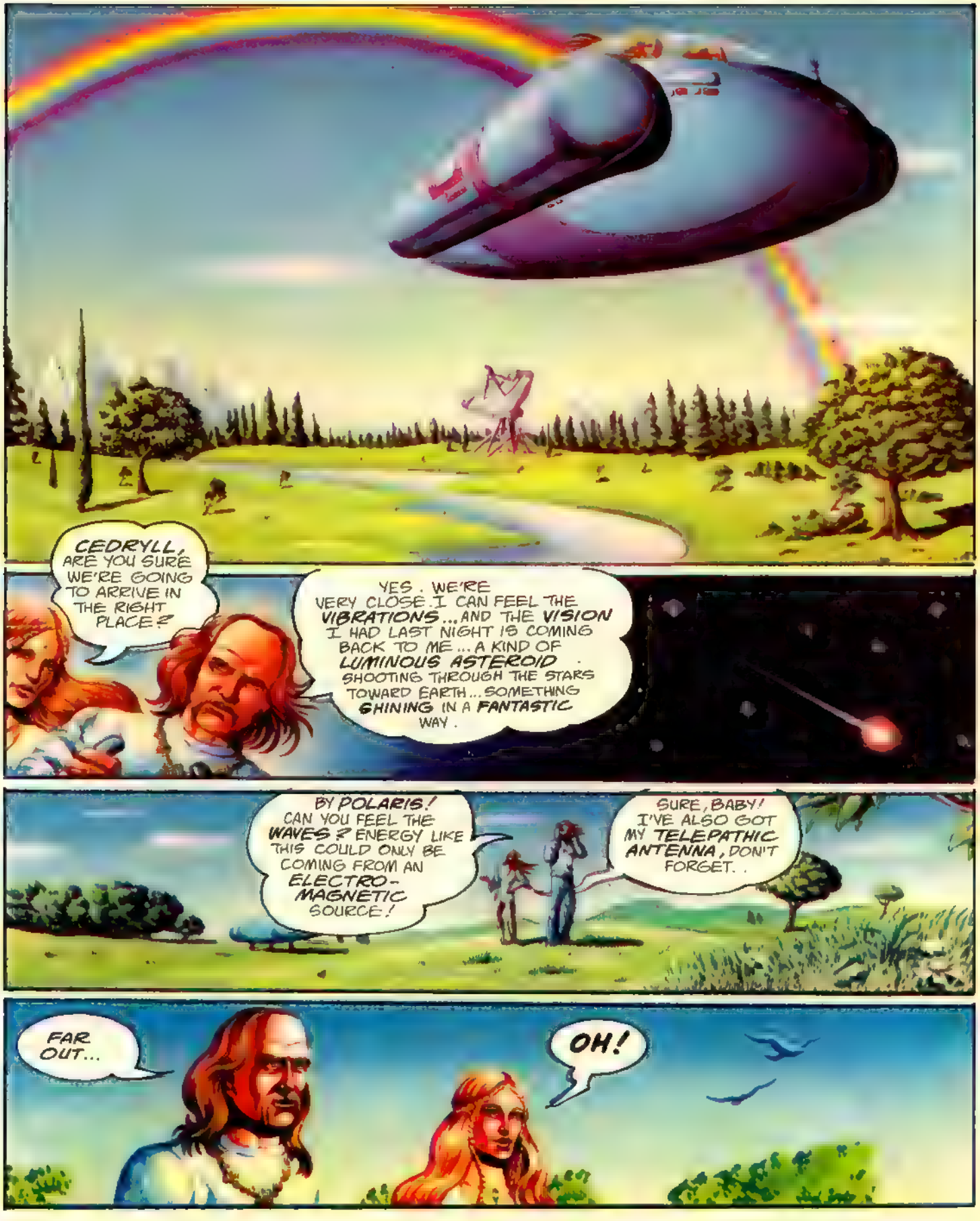
ME, TOO, BUT HOW?

LET'S CLIMB UP TO THE SUMMIT. WE CAN SEE WHERE THE SEA IS FROM THERE, AND THEN WE CAN AT LEAST TRY TO WALK IN THAT DIRECTION!
I CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER. I'M LOSING MY GRIP!
AND IT'S AWFUL COLD!
THE COLD COMES FROM THEIR MOUTHS!
AAAAH! HELP, VUZZ!

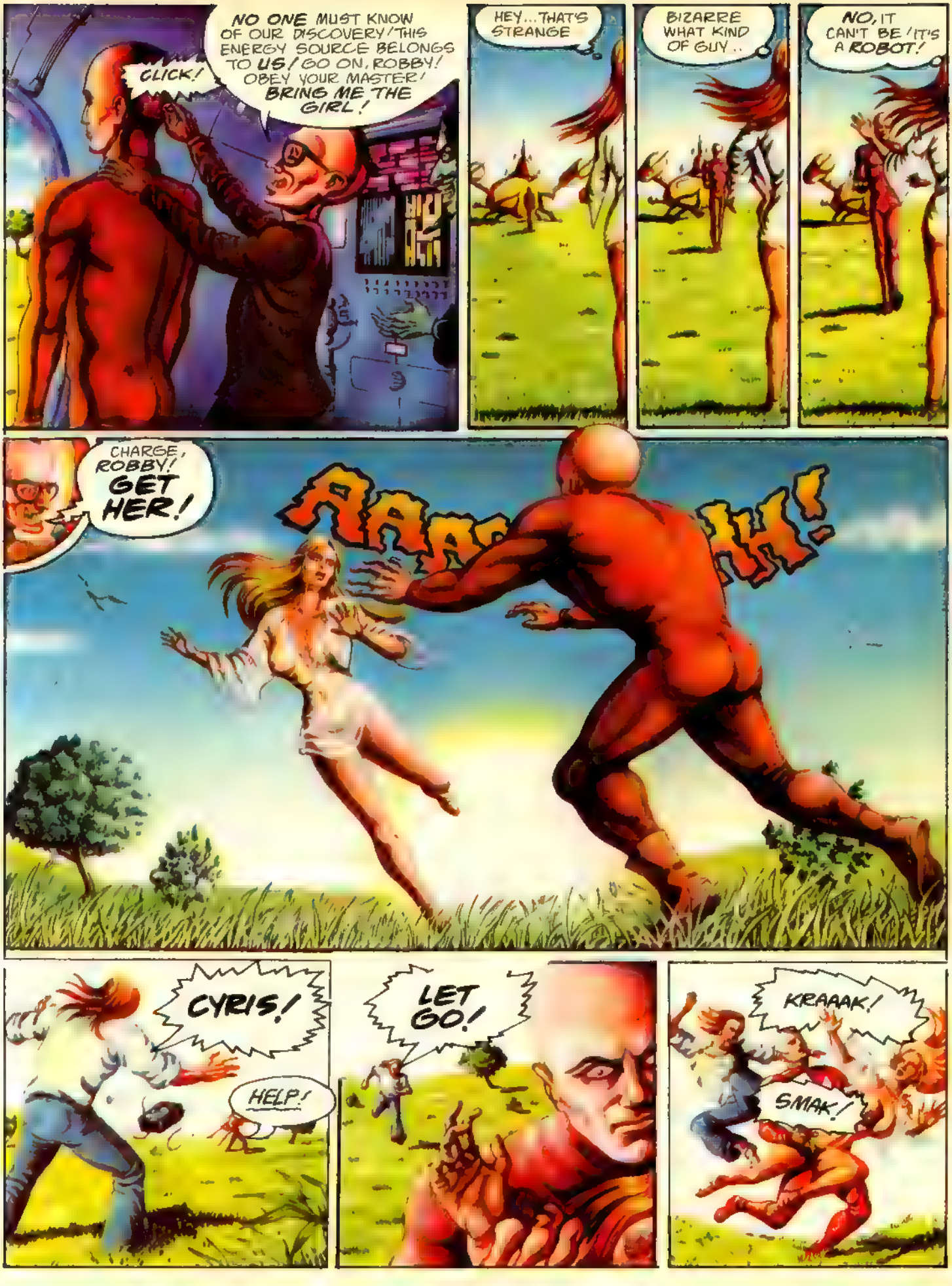

IK IK IK IK IK
DIRTY ROTTEN BIRDS!
I WANT TO GO BACK TO VALLAOR! I WANT TO GO HOME!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEY'RE BIRDS?
RIGHT! LET'S GO!!
IK IK IK IK IK IK
THE WORLD WE LIVE IN!

TELEFIELD

by SERGIO MACEDO


CEDRYLL, ARE YOU SURE WE'RE GOING TO ARRIVE IN THE RIGHT PLACE?
YES. WE'RE VERY CLOSE. I CAN FEEL THE VIBRATIONS... AND THE VISION I HAD LAST NIGHT IS COMING BACK TO ME... A KIND OF LUMINOUS ASTEROID SHOOTING THROUGH THE STARS TOWARD EARTH... SOMETHING SHINING IN A FANTASTIC WAY.
BY POLARIS! CAN YOU FEEL THE WAVES? ENERGY LIKE THIS COULD ONLY BE COMING FROM AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SOURCE!
SURE, BABY! I'VE ALSO GOT MY TELEPATHIC ANTENNA, DON'T FORGET..
FAR OUT...
OH!

THOSE CLAIRVOYANT TALENTS OF YOURS ARE SUPER, CEDRYLL! WHAT A FANTASTIC DISCOVERY! COULD IT BE A PHOSPHORESCENT METEORITE?
IT'S INCREDIBLE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING WITH A TELE-PSYCHONETIC EMISSION THIS STRONG...
THAT CAME FROM ANOTHER GALAXY, MAYBE FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE. IT'S UP TO US TO DISCOVER WHAT'S GOING ON. I'M GOING BACK TO THE AEROCAR TO GET THE EQUIPMENT FOR CHECKING THE PRESENCE OF RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS. BE CAREFUL!
WHAT TOTAL PEACE I FEEL LOOKING AT THIS LIGHT..
VRRRRRRR
WAIT... A MACHINE...
THEY MUST HAVE REGISTERED THE WAVES.
IT'S THE DIABOLICAL MACHINE OF DR. MANCHA AND HIS SIDEKICK, EL CONDO LOCO.
BY FOOG! MY EQUIPMENT IS INFALLIBLE / WE'RE BEGINNING TO DETECT THE STRONGEST SOURCE OF PSYCHONETIC EMISSIONS ON EARTH / HA! HA! HA! HA! HEE! HEE!
YOU'RE A GENIUS, MANCHA!
WITH THIS ENERGY I CAN CONSTRUCT MY FINAL PROJECT--THE PSYCHO-BOMB! I'LL BE THE MASTER OF THE EARTH!
AND AS FOR ME, I'LL BUY A CASTLE IN TRANSYLVANIA! HEE! HEE! HEE!
THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN THERE!
...ROBBY WILL HANDLE IT. HEE! HEE!

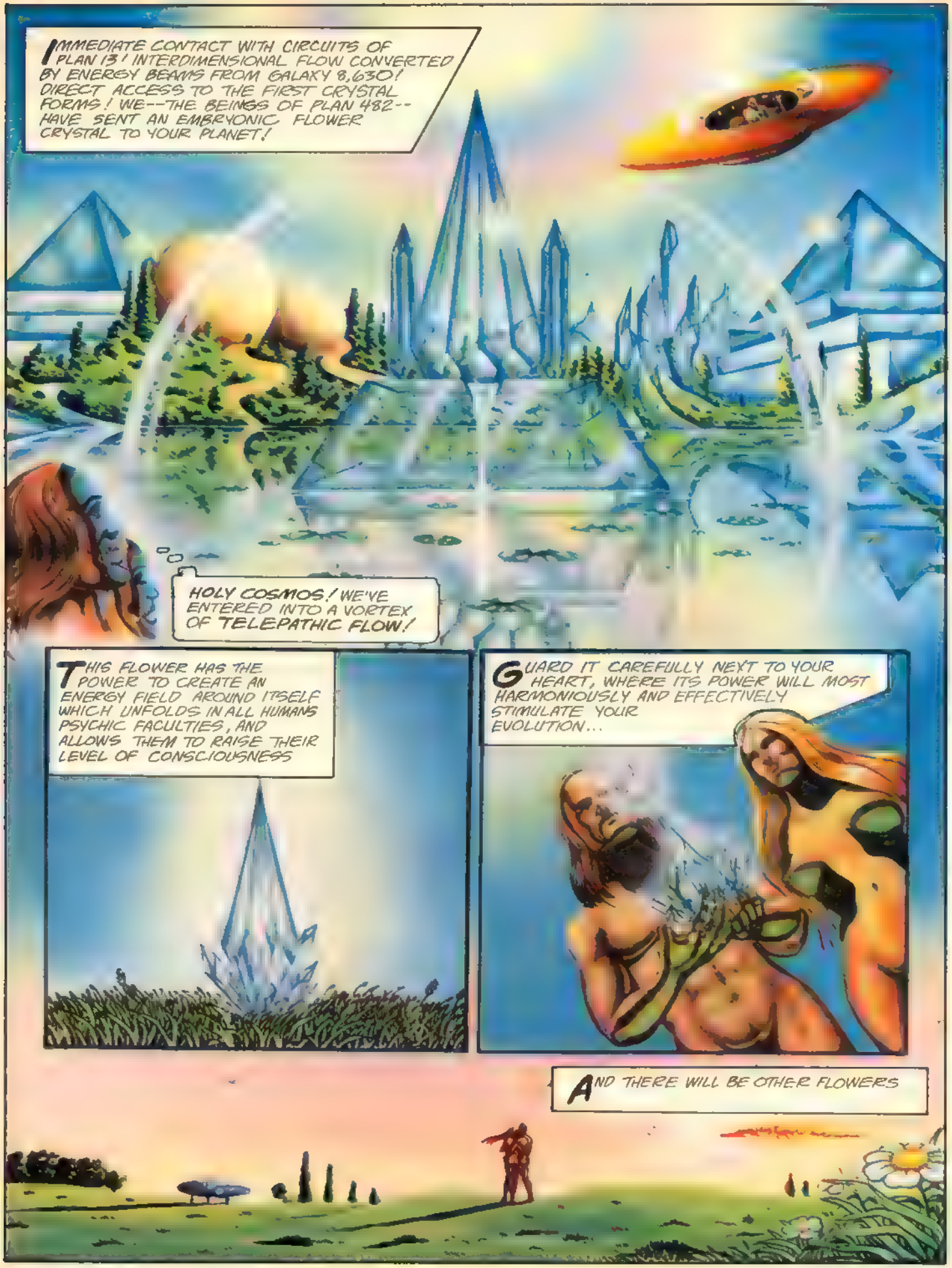

CLICK!
NO ONE MUST KNOW OF OUR DISCOVERY/THIS ENERGY SOURCE BELONGS TO US/GO ON, ROBBY! OBEY YOUR MASTER! BRING ME THE GIRL!
HEY...THAT'S STRANGE
BIZARRE WHAT KIND OF GUY..
NO, IT CAN'T BE/IT'S A ROBOT!
CHARGE, ROBBY! GET HER!
AAAAAAH!
CYRIS!
HELP!
LET GO!
KRAAAK!
SMAK!

WOW! A ROBOT!
AAARGH! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
OOOOH!
POW!
THIS IS AWFUL! THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP THAT MONSTER! WHA.
SYYEEEHHH!
IT'S HERMANOS DIABLO'S GANG--THOSE FABULOUS SWEETIES FROM METROPOLIS 5...
EEEEEH! HEY, BUDDIES! CHECK IT OUT DOWN THERE! SOME KINDA RUMBLE GOIN' ON! TWO DUDES KICKIN' EACH OTHER'S FACE IN!
HEY! HEY! THERE'S A SUPER CHICKIE DOWN THERE!
YEEEYYH?
KIT
GAD
SO LET'S GO RAP WITH 'EM, HEY?

HERE COMES TROUBLE! HANG ON TIGHT! YEEEEHHHH!
HO! HO! I'LL GET 'EM BOTH WITH ONE BLOW!
CEDRYLL! WATCH OUT!!
KRAK!
WOOOW! WUTWUZAT?
WHOOP!

THE CONTROLS! I CAN'T...
THE AEROCAR! IT'S GOING...
EEE
EEEEEEEE
EEHH
HHH
CRASH!!

OOOUFF INCREDIBLE!... WHAT AMAZING POWER.
THE LUMINOUS SOURCE / IT'S DRAWING ME IN... IT'S IRRESISTIBLE!
THIS LUMINOUS ENERGY GENERATES A SORT OF TELEPATHIC FIELD! IT'S TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH US!...
WOW! THE VIBRATIONS! BEAUTIFUL!
THE LUMINOUS SOURCE EXPLODES INTO A VAST INTERDIMENSIONAL VORTEX...
OOMMMMMOOO


IMMEDIATE CONTACT WITH CIRCUITS OF PLAN 13! INTERDIMENSIONAL FLOW CONVERTED BY ENERGY BEAMS FROM GALAXY 8,630! DIRECT ACCESS TO THE FIRST CRYSTAL FORMS! WE--THE BEINGS OF PLAN 482--HAVE SENT AN EMBRYONIC FLOWER CRYSTAL TO YOUR PLANET!
HOLY COSMOS! WE'VE ENTERED INTO A VORTEX OF TELEPATHIC FLOW!
THIS FLOWER HAS THE POWER TO CREATE AN ENERGY FIELD AROUND ITSELF WHICH UNFOLDS IN ALL HUMANS PSYCHIC FACULTIES, AND ALLOWS THEM TO RAISE THEIR LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS
GUARD IT CAREFULLY NEXT TO YOUR HEART, WHERE ITS POWER WILL MOST HARMONIOUSLY AND EFFECTIVELY STIMULATE YOUR EVOLUTION...
AND THERE WILL BE OTHER FLOWERS

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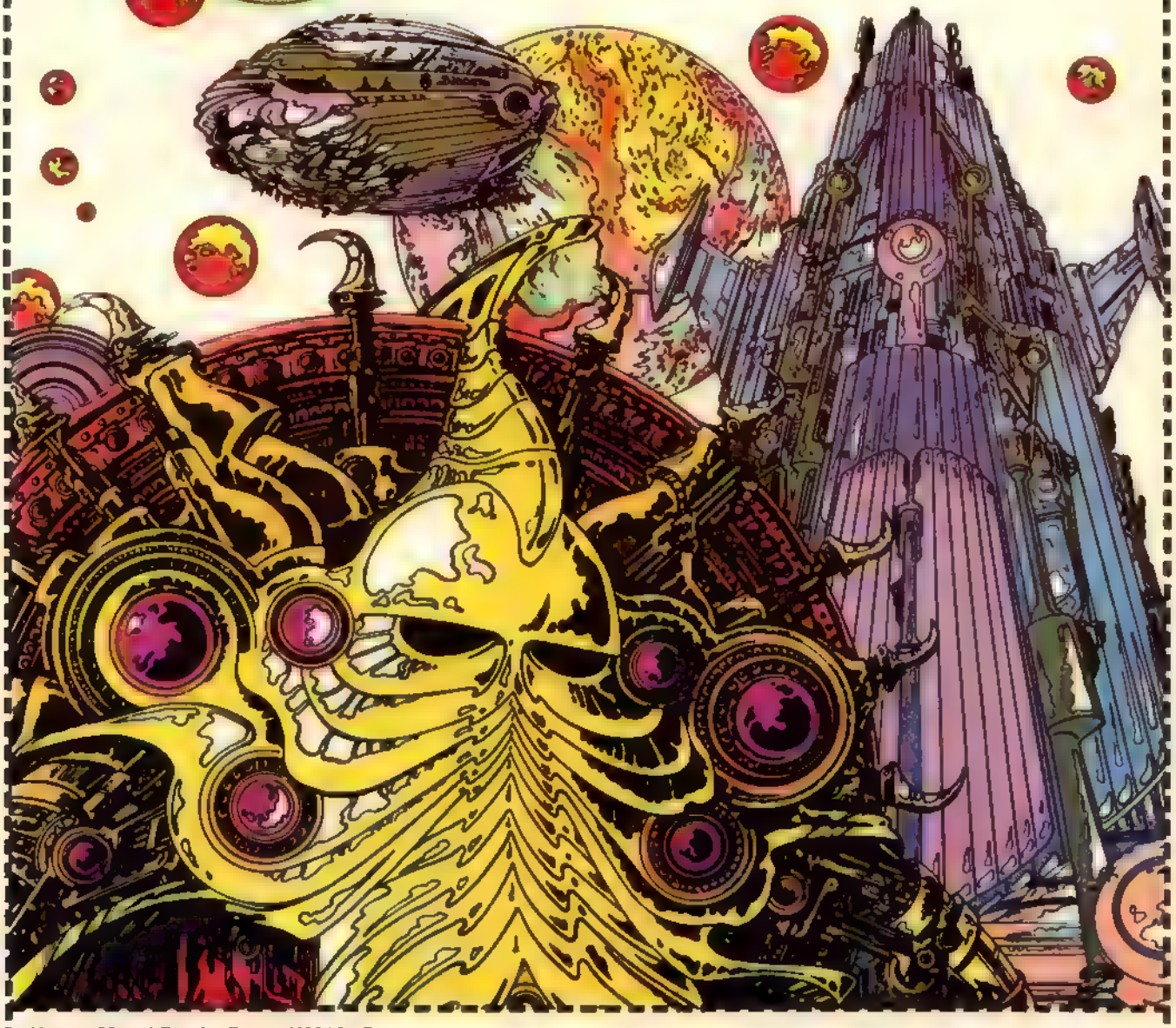

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Chapter Eleven from Steven Spielberg's novelization of his film...

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

There is no fast way to get to Benares. The ancient and most holy city of the Hindus is approachable mainly through faith.

An approach by military aircraft was out of the question. To have sent a fighter plane or attack bomber through India's airspace would not only have freaked out the militantly neutral Indians but, more importantly, would have endangered the secrecy of the Project.

David Laughlin supposed, privately, that if there had been time, Lacombe would have traveled to Benares in the proper manner, on bare feet, wearing a loincloth and supported by a wooden staff. As it was, Laughlin was grateful for the small, fourteen-passenger Corvette jet borrowed from Air Alsace, which made the trip from Paris to Rangoon in just half a day.

A Vertol chopper brought them in low over the spires and domes of Benares a half hour later, as the sun was setting. The river moved sluggishly beneath the helicopter, its holy waters freighted with the holies of silt.

The hillside lay a few miles outside the city. The Vertol hovered at a discreet distance while its pilot tried to find a place to land. It wasn't easy.

"Look at them!" Laughlin said. "Thousands!"

"Tens of thousands," Lacombe corrected.

"It's fantastic, I—"

"The sadhu is a very holy man," Lacombe cut in quietly, above the rotor noise. "But also very practical. He also wants an answer. In his lifetime. He has been listening for many years. With him it is more than a matter of faith. It is a matter of results."

Laughlin thought that over. "But I thought the Hindus went the other way," he shouted. "Nirvana, not here."

Lacombe shrugged.

The chopper set down gently in a space near two Mercedes tour buses. The pilot cut the engines, and the rotors whined down. Dust started settling over everything within a hundred yards. Lacombe climbed out first and stood momentarily in the brilliant sunset with Laughlin and two technicians.

The blood-red, orange rays of the sun were coming in almost horizontally now. In a little while, the great hot ball of flame, filtered and distorted by endless miles of dusty atmosphere, would swell, darken, and hide itself from sight behind the low range of hills to the west.

"Let us go," Lacombe said.

Laughlin gestured to the two technicians, who picked up their microphones, Magra tape recorder, portable battery-belts, and the lightweight Arriflex 16 mm. camera. The four men moved slowly through the crowd of pilgrims.

The people were densely packed, some on small rugs, with baskets of food beside them. There were whole families, even ancient grandparents who were probably under forty years of age, wizened and emaciated by hunger and disease.

The Westerners moved with prudent speed up the hillside toward the cleared area where the sadhu sat, legs crossed beneath him in the lotus position, eyes shut, palms pressed together, elbows out to the side like some strange, meditative bird of passage.

From Close Encounters of the Third Kind *by Steven Spielberg. Copyright © 1977, by Columbia Pictures, a division of Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All rights reserved. Published simultaneously in Canada. Published by arrangement with Delacorte Press/Dell Publishing Company, Inc.*

A sleek young Brahmin in city whites arose at Lacombe's approach. Laughlin moved in to translate while the technicians began setting up.

"It lacks half an hour of the sun's death," the Brahmin told Lacombe.

His accent bothered Laughlin: smooth, Oxonian English. The young man wore well-shined chukka boots, pipestem-thin trousers of white muslin, and a collarless jacket of the same fabric. He looked too urbanized for this place, his smooth flow of talk too glib. But even the holiest of men, Laughlin thought, needed managers.

The sadhu himself moved not a muscle. By not even the flicker of an eyelid did he acknowledge anything around him of this world. Lacombe stood in contemplative silence for a moment, then lowered himself to a lotus seat near to, but at a respectful distance from, the sadhu.

The microphones were ready now, each in its parabolic reflector. The Arriflex was to be hand-held. Lacombe had insisted that it not be mounted on a tripod. He wanted the technician to keep it on his shoulder to have the mobility to photograph . . . whatever there was to photograph.

His eyes closed, the Frenchman seemed to relax, although his back was stiffly erect. Out of the corner of his mouth, in French, he murmured an order to Laughlin, who turned to the audio technician.

"He wants to make sure you shield the Nagra."

"Why?" the man wanted to know. "We're nowhere near any electrical interference."

"He's had bad luck before with tape recordings. The capstan motor usually conks out and the recording heads lose magnetism."

"No kidding," the technician said. "Well, if he says so." He produced a large, copper-mesh, boxlike affair, a shield that he placed over the small precision Nagra recorder. Then, shoving copper spikes into the earth, he grounded the shield carefully. "Does that suit the mother?"

Laughlin wondered, and not for the first time, what they were doing in this strange place, with all these thousands, waiting . . . waiting for what? The report spoke of an event strictly unbelievable, but Lacombe had shown him how to suspend disbelief, to open himself to the incredible.

Laughlin turned away and watched the bloated disk of the sun as the hills to the west began biting a chunk out of its lower rim. In a moment, only half the sun was visible. The sadhu stirred slightly.

What happened next seemed to be in slow motion to Laughlin. He watched the sadhu's outturned elbows pull in toward his emaciated brown rib cage. The palms of his hands, still pressed together, began a slow separation until only the fingertips still touched.

The sadhu's eyelids slowly rose, like shutters on temple windows. His eyes open, were enormous—jet black, ringed all the way around by white, the white then ringed by glossy black lashes.

The sadhu's body stirred. Slowly, without apparent effort, he began to rise from the lotus to a standing position. The sleek city Brahmin sank to his knees, and Laughlin found himself sitting down abruptly, as if the only person who had any right to be on his feet was the sadhu. Out of the corner of his eye, Laughlin could see the audio technician and the camera crew fall, incredibly, to their knees. He was sure they had no idea what they were doing.

With grave deliberateness, the sadhu's bare arms spread out from his body like the powerful wings of some great landlocked bird ready to take to the skies. Behind him, all that was left of the sun was the thinnest edge of rind. As Laughlin watched, the sun snuffed out. Darkness fell instantly.

The sadhu's long arms swung up at his sides to shoulder height. They paused, then continued their upward sweep until the gnarled backs of his hands touched each other high over his head. They paused again. Then he brought the arms down in one great sweep—a conductor cueing a mighty orchestra.

From ten—twenty—thousand throats came a low, melodious note. They sustained it with such power that it began to eat its way into Laughlin's brain. He noticed Lacombe's eyes snap open and swing sideways, cursing the technicians. Laughlin gestured. The audio man started the Nagra. Laughlin could see its reels turning through the copper mesh.

Now the sadhu brought his arms up and cued another note, an interval above the first, higher on the scale. His worshippers filled the world with two tones, alternating them, sounding them separately and together—a minor interval, Laughlin thought, less than a third. A minor third? Not quite.

The sadhu produced another note and then another and another. Now Laughlin began to lose a sense of the melody in the harsh cacophony of many voices. The ground beneath him seemed to vibrate with the intensity of the notes, unmelodic, strange to Western ears, notes the report had stated had come down from the stars four nights ago and that the sadhu and his followers had been sounding each night since.

The intervals were never whole, Laughlin felt. They were quartered, halved, bent slightly into microtone steps. Each singer changed the notes slightly, making a raw, elemental howl. It soared skyward in a great chant, somehow ominous. It shook the earth beneath Laughlin, but it also made the air itself vibrate.

The tropical twilight was now night. Damp blackness had descended upon them all. And, even though they could no longer see their sadhu, the many thousands continued their chant, forcing it to grow to an almost unbearable intensity.

The stars had come out overhead. Laughlin gazed upward, shaking with the fierceness of the singing around him. He watched the star at the end of the Big Dipper's handle. It grew brighter, waned, brightened again. There was a frequency to it, like a message in Morse code. And then it . . . exploded.

A bright crimson flash illuminated the upturned faces of the multitude. Lacombe was on his feet now, standing beside the sadhu. The cameraman had swung his shoulder-braced Arriflex upward.

The crimson light elongated into a rolling pillar, turned orange. Then yellow. Then pale green. It hovered in the sky and suddenly the heavens were filled with the same five notes. The same chord, played on something that was not human. Pure. Melodic. Clean. The worshippers below fell silent. And once again the sky sang down to them.

"Goddamn!" the cameraman said.

The pillar of fire winked out. The song ended.

The worshippers below sank back, faces pressed to the earth. The sadhu turned to Lacombe.

"The sky," he said in a thin voice, "the sky sings to us."

The two men embraced. Tears ran down the Frenchman's cheeks. His voice was thick with emotion.

"It sings to all of us, my friend." □

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Oh, ye who still lust after glory
And yearn for the Kosmos most kruel,
Pay heed and I'll tell ye a story,
The tale of the ship . . .

Fortune's Fool!

Ezekial Nash was her master,
A star-man, determined and bold,
Who thrived on galaktik disaster
That set thinner blood running kold.

Years before, they did give him a mission,
Said that Tamburlaine never must fall,
For they fought a long war of attrition,
And the klock was the worst foe of all.

So beyond the star-borders, he waited,
And at last, from the darkness, they kame,
Flying ships man had never kreated,
From a world human tongue kould not name.

And the men of the Black Gang were silent
As they fed the war-laser's kold maw,
For they lived for the battle most violent,
And their song was the kannon's grim roar.

Oh, ye who still lust after glory
And yearn for the Kosmos most kruel,
Pay heed and I'll tell ye a story,
The tale of the ship . . .

Fortune's Fool!

Story by N. W. P.
Illustrations by [illegible]

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IRREESSTTAATU

They must hold their ground, Nash had told them.
Tamburlaine was too precious to lose.
They kould fight or dark death kould enfold them.
Was it grace or dishonor they'd choose?

To a man, they all shouted, "We're with you!"
And Nash smiled as his heart swelled with pride.
Then a seam at the heart of the ship blew,
And half of his krew, skreaming, died.

Hard they died as the kabins exploded
And hurled them out into the black,
But the Kaptain, his weapons still loaded,
Urged the survivors to the attack.

And Nash stood in the thick of the battle,
While war-lasers charred sinew and bone,
And his men fell around him like kattle,
Till he stood, spitting hate, all alone.

Then the hull of the ship rang with footfalls,
As the alien viktors drew near,
While, guns ready, Nash prowled his ship's dead halls.
He would die, but he'd never show fear.

On the bridge, Nash still stood when they found him
And his guns sent four Bems to their grave,
Till, at last, four skore more sid surround him.
As he died, Nash still smiled, ever brave.

Aye, pay heed and I'll tell ye a story,
Of a prize worth far more than a jewel,
Of Ezekial Nash, mourned in glory,
And his ship, the poor, doomed . . . Fortune's Fool!

(From "The Ballad of Fortune's Fool" by Siedri Q-14, poet laureate of the Terran Empire, as inskribed on the base of the statue of Ezekial Nash, which stands on the way to Tamburlaine.)

Statement of Ownership

Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: Heavy Metal 2. DATE OF FILING: September 29, 1977 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: Monthly A. No. of issues published annually—12 B. Annual subscription price—$18.00 4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS: 635 Madison Avenue New York N.Y. 10022 6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR AND MANAGING EDITOR: Publisher: Matty Simmons and Len Mogel, 635 Madison Avenue New York N.Y. 10022 Editors: Sean Kelly and Valerie Marchant, 635 Madison Avenue, New York N.Y. 10022 7. OWNER: *(If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address as well as that of each individual must be given.)*: Twenty First Century Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES OR OTHER SECURITIES: *(If there are none, so state)*: None 9. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES (Section 132.122 PSM): 10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION: THE AVERAGE NUMBER OF COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS: A. Total no. copies printed *(Net Press Run)*—280,711. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales—127,638 2. Mail subscriptions—16,594 C. Total paid circulation *(Sum of 10B1 and 10B2)*—144,232 D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 1,742 E. Total distribution *(Sum of C and D)*—145,974 F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,045 2. Returns from news agents: 133,692 G. Total *(Sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A)*—280,711. ACTUAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE: A. Total no. copies printed *(Net Press Run)*: 362,493. B. Paid Circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 171,379 2. Mail subscriptions—25,773 C. Total paid circulation *(Sum of 10B1 and 10B2)*—197,152. D. Free distribution of mail, carrier or other means. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 1,920 E. Total distribution *(Sum of C and D)*—199,072 F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing—1,126. 2. Returns from news agents—162,295 G. Total *(Sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A)*—362,493.

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George S. Agoglia
Vice President

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak and more ($4.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator Robert E. Howard with illustrations by Corben. Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nepsimo, and the horrible Gold Queen ($3.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence ($2.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($2.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, [illegible] reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes; 10 pages of color Moebius, the Airtight Garage, Den and Polonius *redux*, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($2.00)

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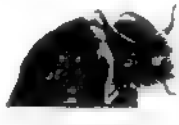

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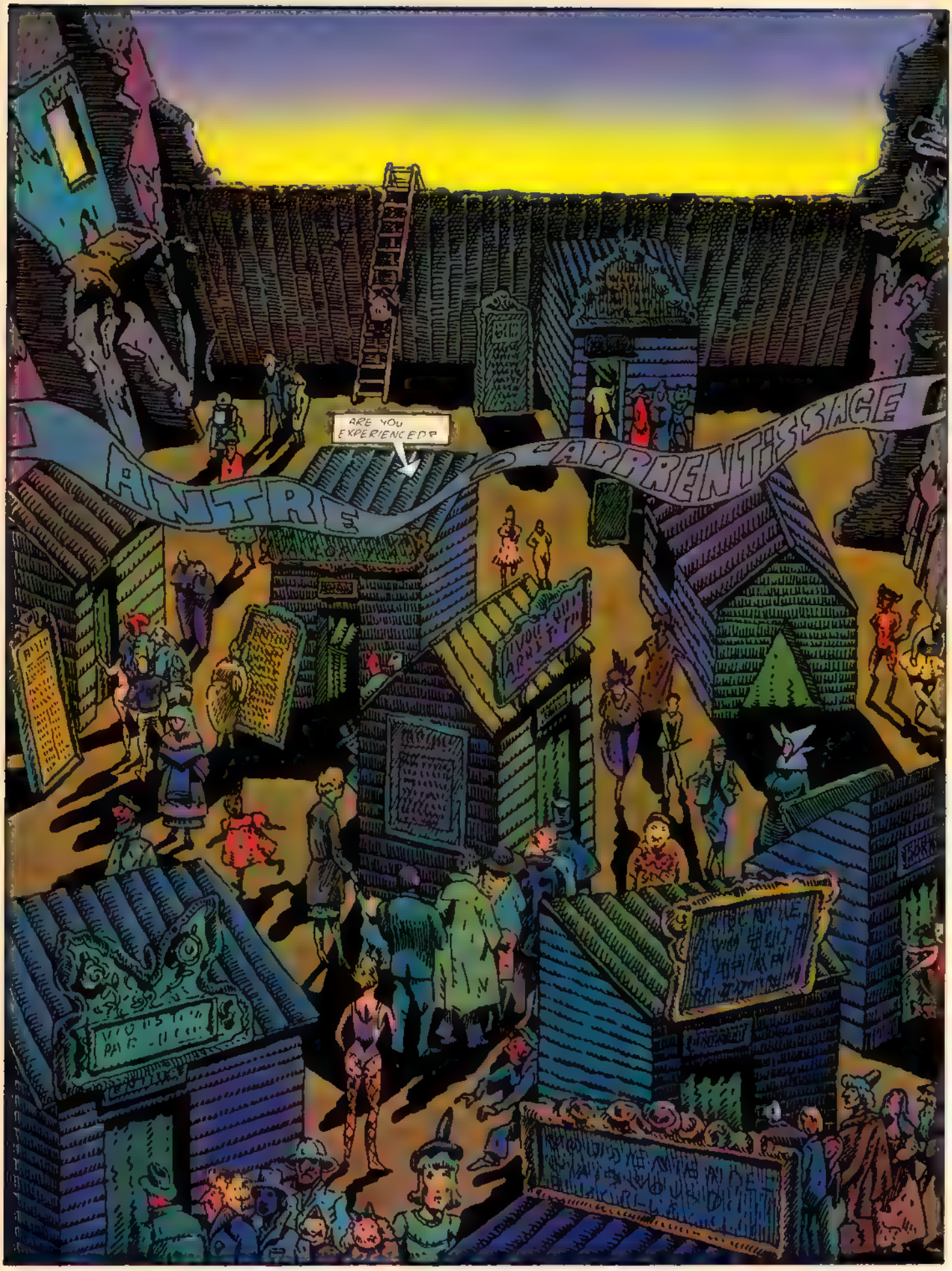
THE MAUVE SIDESHOW

SCRIPT ZHA ART NICOLE CLAVELOUX

WHAT AM I? PITIFUL, THAT'S WHAT I AM!
IS THAT YOU?
YES! HELLO!
HAVE YOU COME BACK?
AS YOU CAN SEE!
HOW WAS IT OUT THERE?
I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER

I'M AT A COMPLETE LOSS... NOTHING SEEM TO WORK ANYMORE
WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK?
NO!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT?
IT'S JUST THAT... IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE REALLY TALKED
LET YOURSELF GO!
I DON'T KNOW HOW!
I CAN WAIT
WHAT A SUCKER YOU ARE!
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE
HA HA HA
I'M GOING OUT FOR A LITTLE AIR

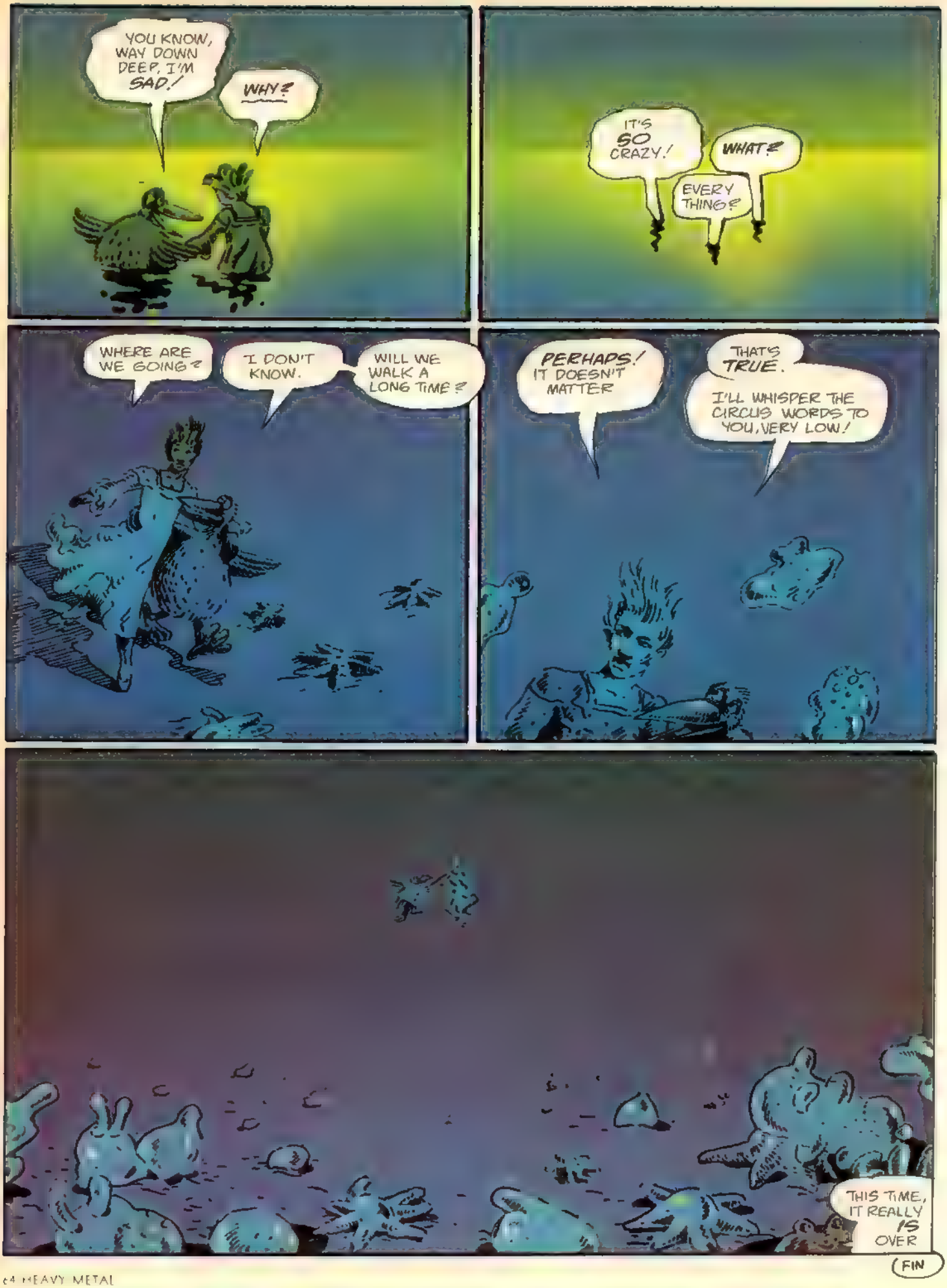
WILL YOU MEET ME IN THE WASTELAND?
YES!
THE WASTELAND
TERRAIN VAGUE
?
CHEEEZ! IT'S HIGH! I'M NOT TWENTY ANYMORE
BUT...THIS ISN'T A WASTELAND ANYMORE! WEIRD!


ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?
ANTRE
APPRENTISSAGE

IT'S FUNNY, I FEEL DRUNK... VERY HAZY...
VOS GESTES SONT RIGIDES? ENTREZ! ET VOUS SAUREZ VOUS MOUVOIR DANS L'ESPACE
HEAD UP IN KNOTS? COME ON IN! AND YOU'LL FLOAT LIKE A BUTTERFLY
ENTREE!
?

ENTREE
RIDICULOUS! SO WHAT! IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN IMAGINATION...
ENTREE
SORTIE
VOUS ENTENDEZ MIEUX VOUS NE COMPTEZ PAS LE FAIRE ENTREZ
IF YOU CAN LISTEN BUT YOU CAN'T HEAR COME ON IN!!
ENTREE
IF YOU CAN SEE BUT YOU DON'T LOOK COME ON IN!
VOUS N'AVEZ RIEN MAIS VOUS ÊTES INCROYABLEMENT PLUS!
ENTREZ

ENTREZ!
IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR TASTE FOR FEELING COME ON IN!
A E.I O U!
I CAN ARTICULATE! I HAVE SO MUCH TO SAY TO HER!
RELAX!
AT EASE!
NICE DAY!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.
THE WATER ATTRACTS ME!
CAN YOU FEEL THE WIND?
YES!


YOU KNOW, WAY DOWN DEEP, I'M SAD.
WHY?
IT'S SO CRAZY.
WHAT?
EVERY THING?
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
I DON'T KNOW.
WILL WE WALK A LONG TIME?
PERHAPS. IT DOESN'T MATTER
THAT'S TRUE.
I'LL WHISPER THE CIRCUS WORDS TO YOU, VERY LOW.
THIS TIME, IT REALLY IS OVER
FIN

IT BEGAN ALMOST A YEAR AGO... WHEN A GROUP OF THE MOST TALENTED ARTISTIC INNOVATORS EVER ASSEMBLED GATHERED TOGETHER TO LAUNCH A BRAND-NEW PUBLICATION OF THEIR OWN... AND ***SOJOURN*** WAS BORN.

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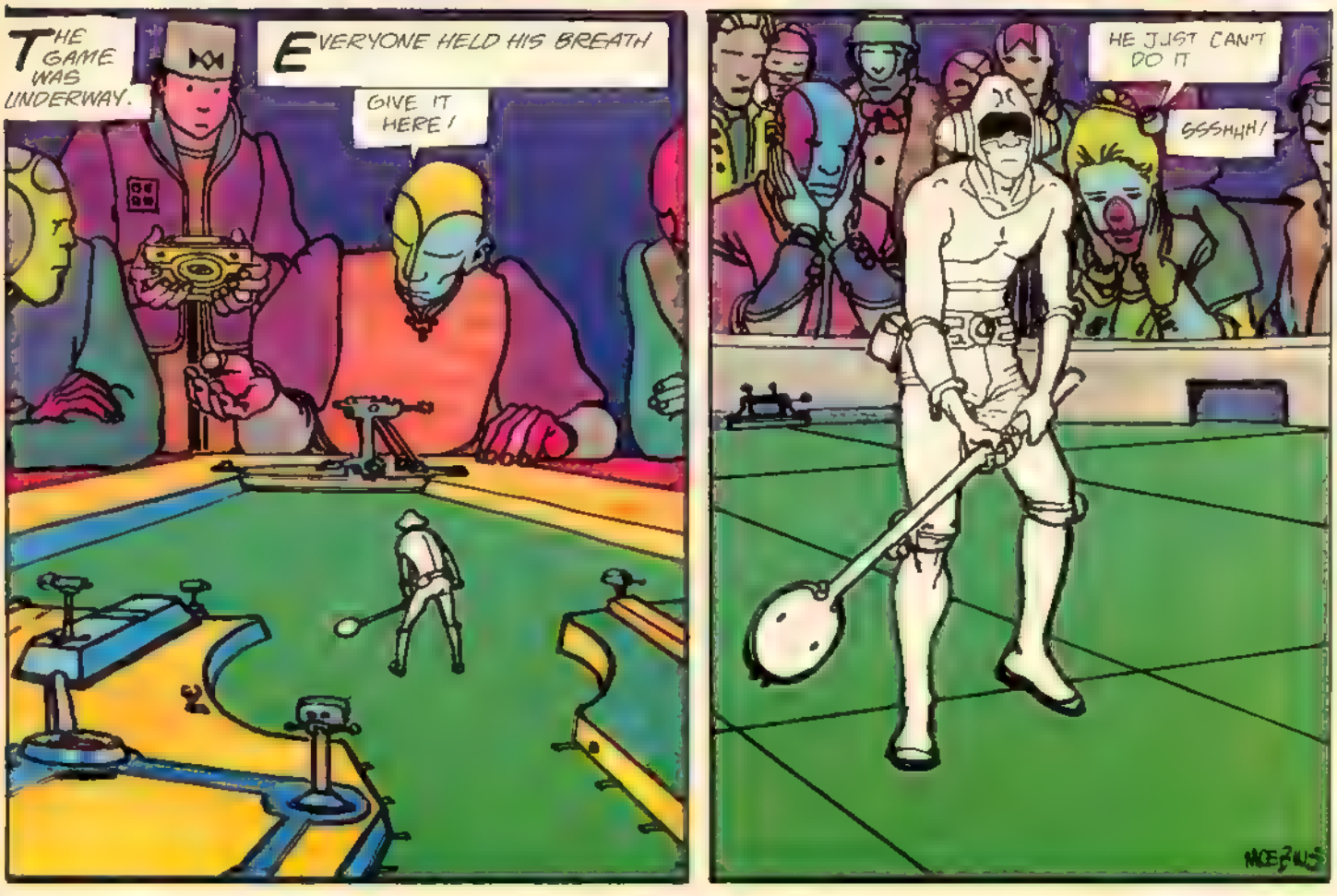
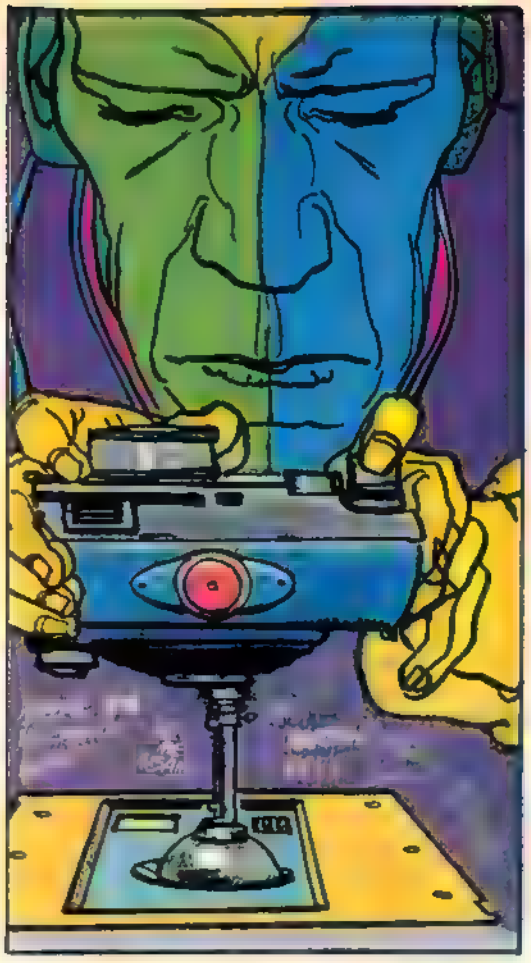
BLACK THURSDAY

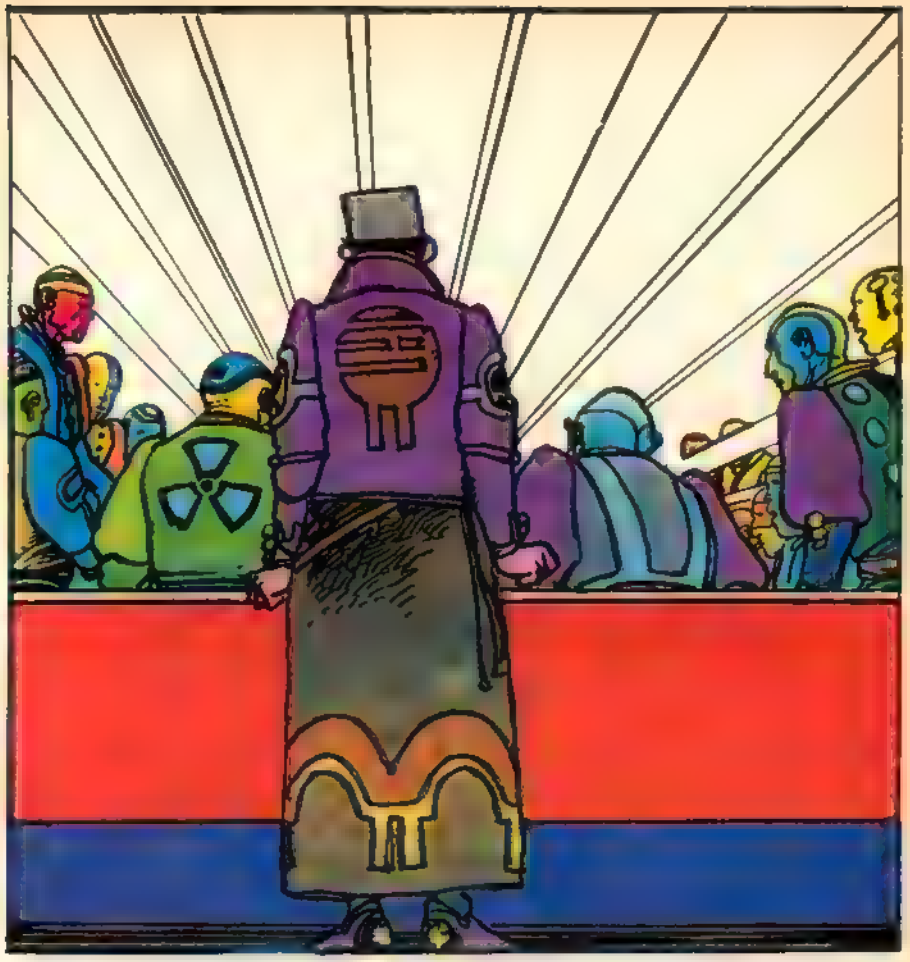
By MOEBIUS of the INSTITUTE

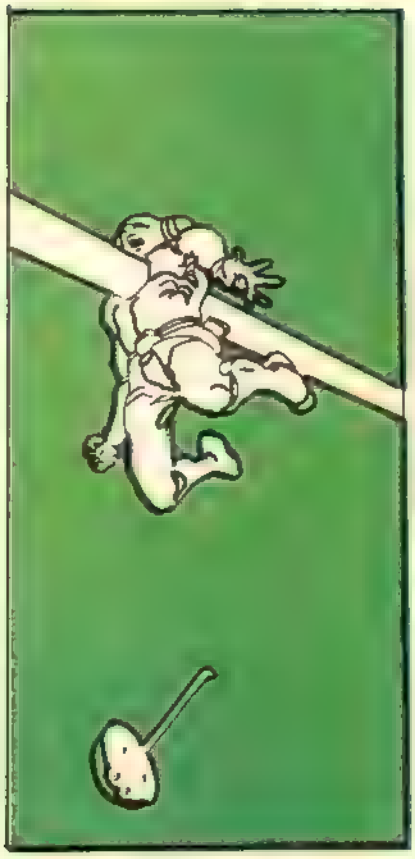
DURING THAT PERIOD, JERMAN CLOZER WAS ONLY A LITTLE ERRAND BOY, DOING WHATEVER CAME HIS WAY
I HAVE A PACKAGE FROM THE GRAND COUNCIL OF CALMEL... (*)
AT THAT TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE WAS EASILY INTIMIDATED BY THE GODS
THIS IS REALLY GRAND!

*ALTTLE, PERIPHERAL COUNCIL









SUDDENLY, A BOLT OF LIGHT PIERCED THE UNFORTUNATE CHAMPION QUITE THROUGH--AND HE DIED...

LATER THAT MONTH, WHILE RIDING A VEHICLE, JERMAN CLOZER MADE THE MOST IMPORTANT DECISION OF HIS LIFE.

THIS DECISION HAD ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT ON THE GAME OF THE GODS, WHICH GOES ON FOREVER

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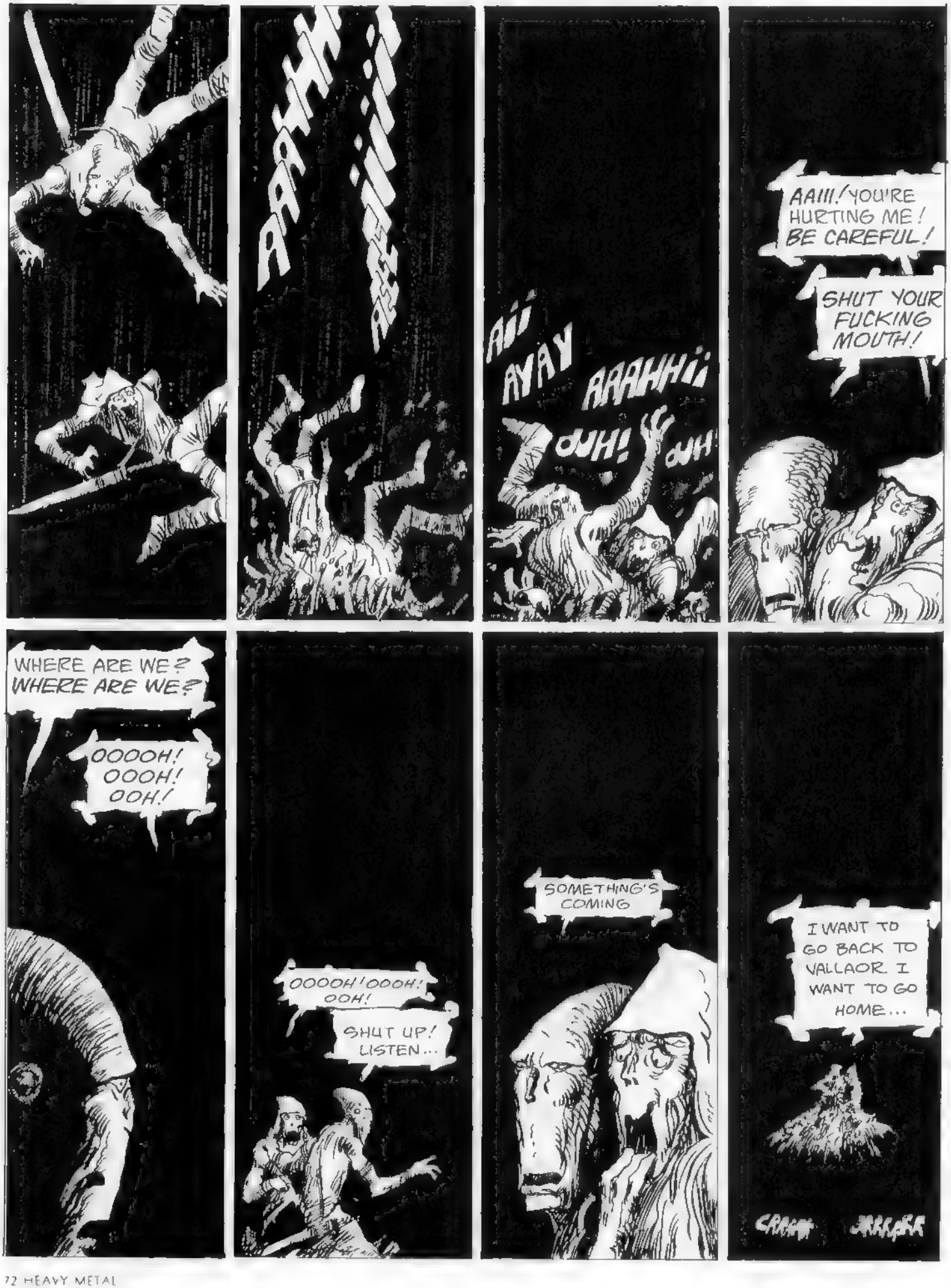
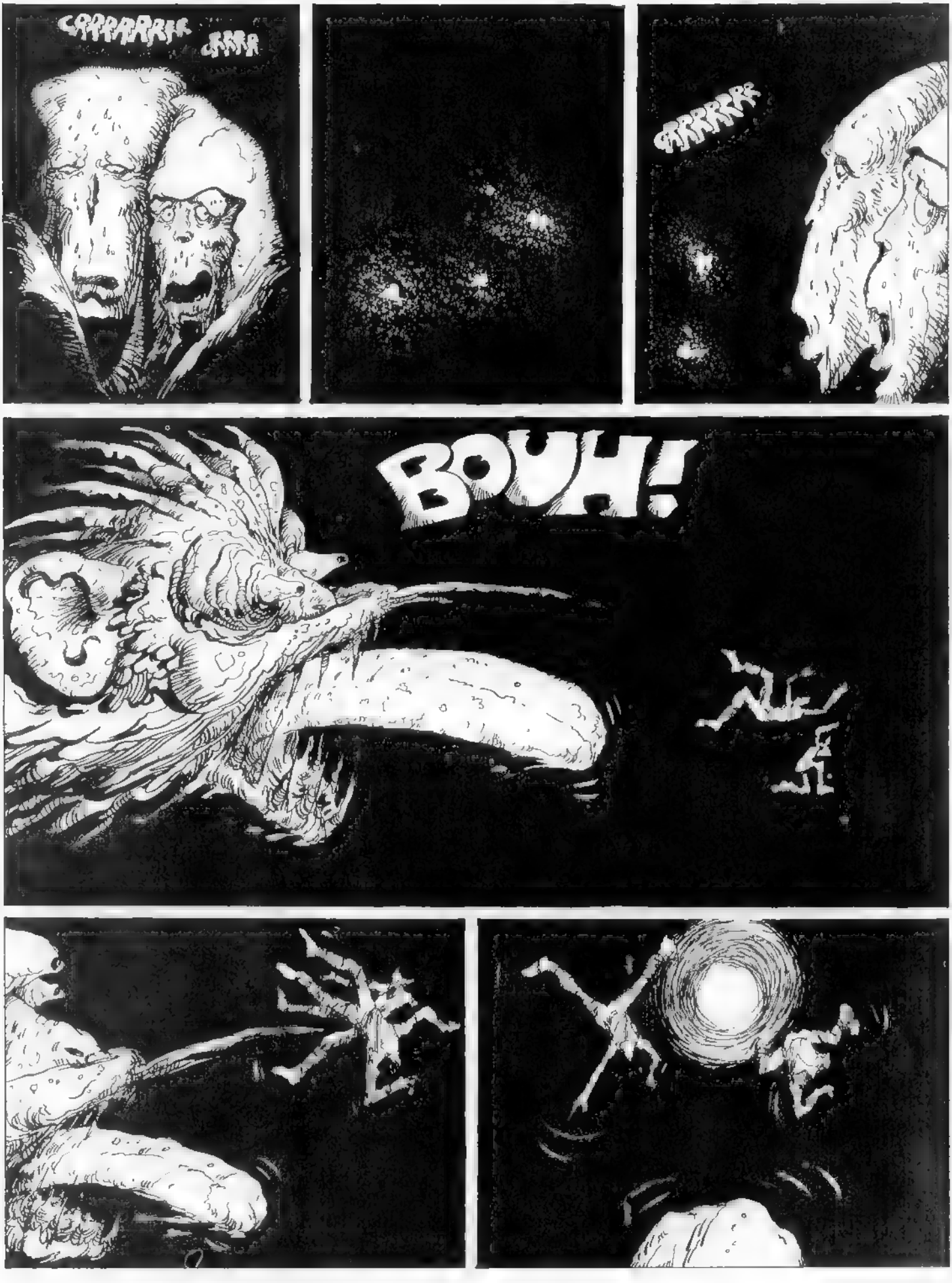
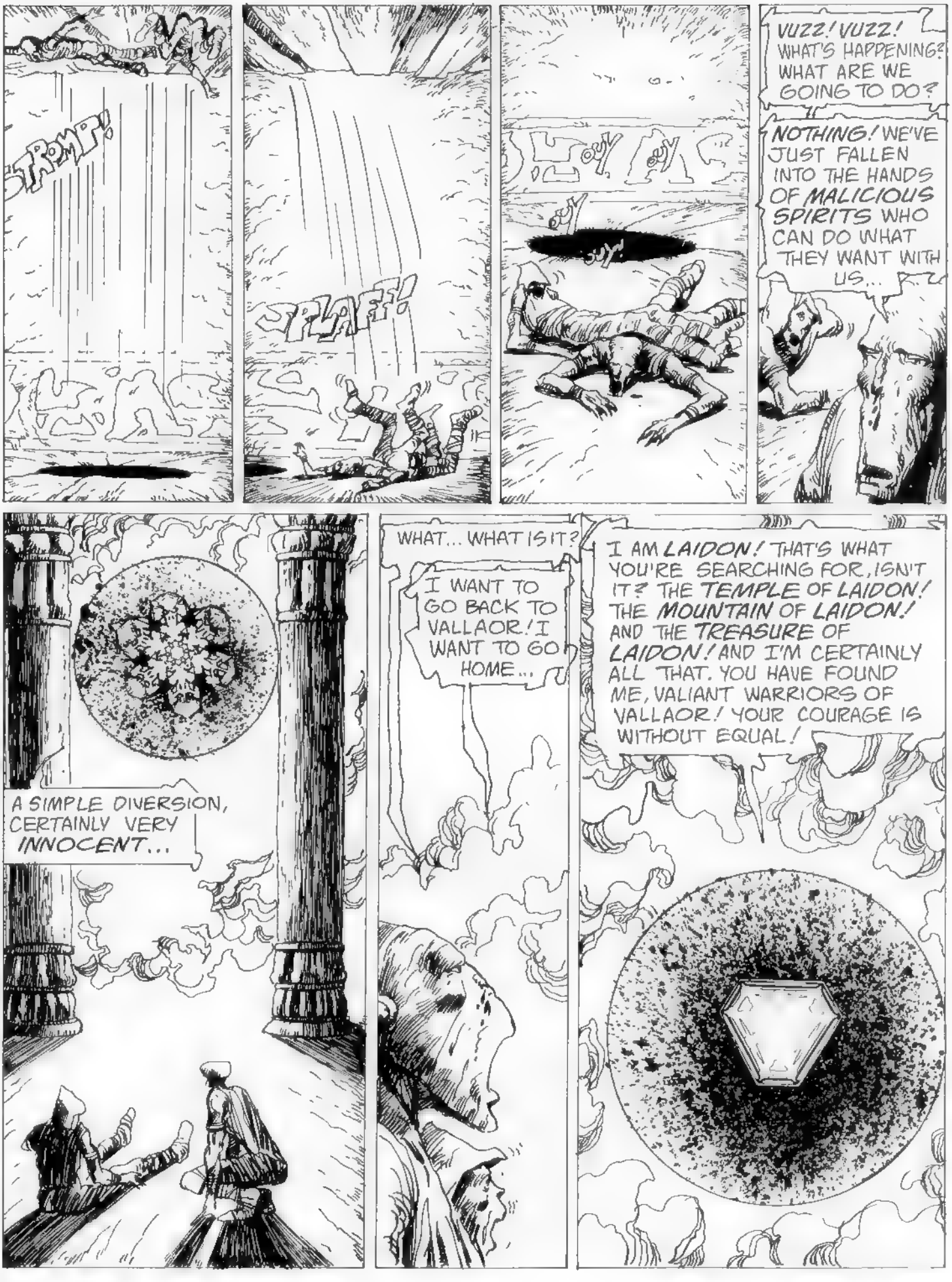
I DON'T SEE THE SEA. OH, LOOK TO THE HORIZONS!
DOWN THERE! LYING THERE! A LAKE OF LIGHT!...
LET'S NOT STAY IN THIS PLACE. LET'S GET OUT, AND FAST...
IK IK IK IK
by DRUILLET
VUZZZ
CHAPTER 5
I CAN FEEL TERROR SLIDING OVER ME. THE ROCKS TASTE DEATH!
AAAAHHH! VUZZ! THE HAND! THE HAND! IT'S GLOWING!!

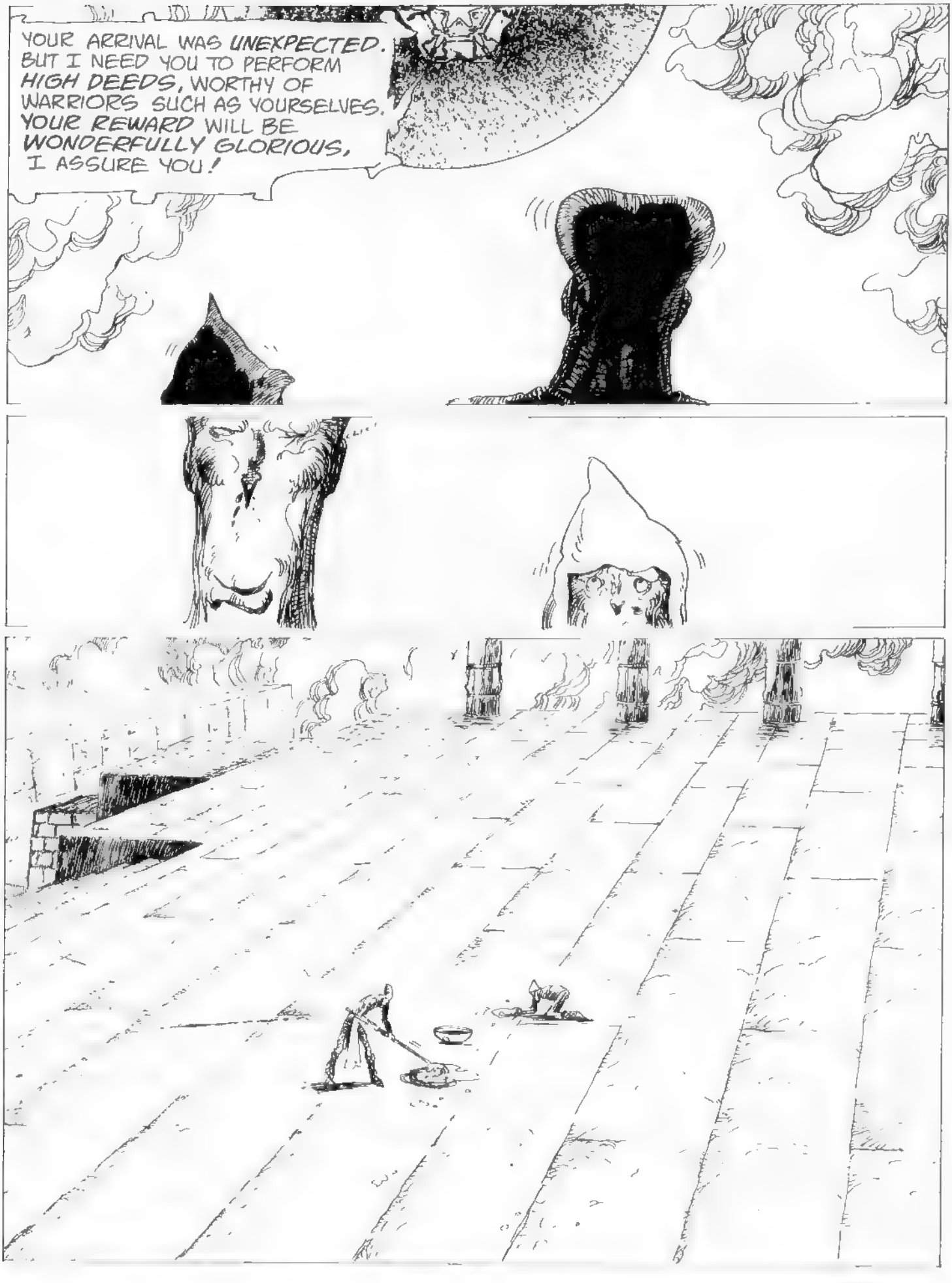
IT'S SHINING!!
IT'S SHINING!!!
AAAHH! GET OUT! FAST!
AAAHHH!
OOOOH! FAST! FAST!
RAAHH! MY KNEE! MY KNEE! I'VE HURT MY KNEE! SON OF A BITCHING BITCH...
AAHHH HOPE I'M HOPPIN!
AAHHHH!!

THEY'RE TAKING US TO THE KINGDOM OF DEATH!!!


AAAHH
AAAiiiii
Aii
AYAY
AAAHHii
OUH!
OUH!
AAIII! YOU'RE HURTING ME! BE CAREFUL!
SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!
WHERE ARE WE? WHERE ARE WE?
OOOOH! OOOH! OOH!
OOOOH! OOOH! OOH!
SHUT UP! LISTEN...
SOMETHING'S COMING
I WANT TO GO BACK TO VALLAOR. I WANT TO GO HOME...

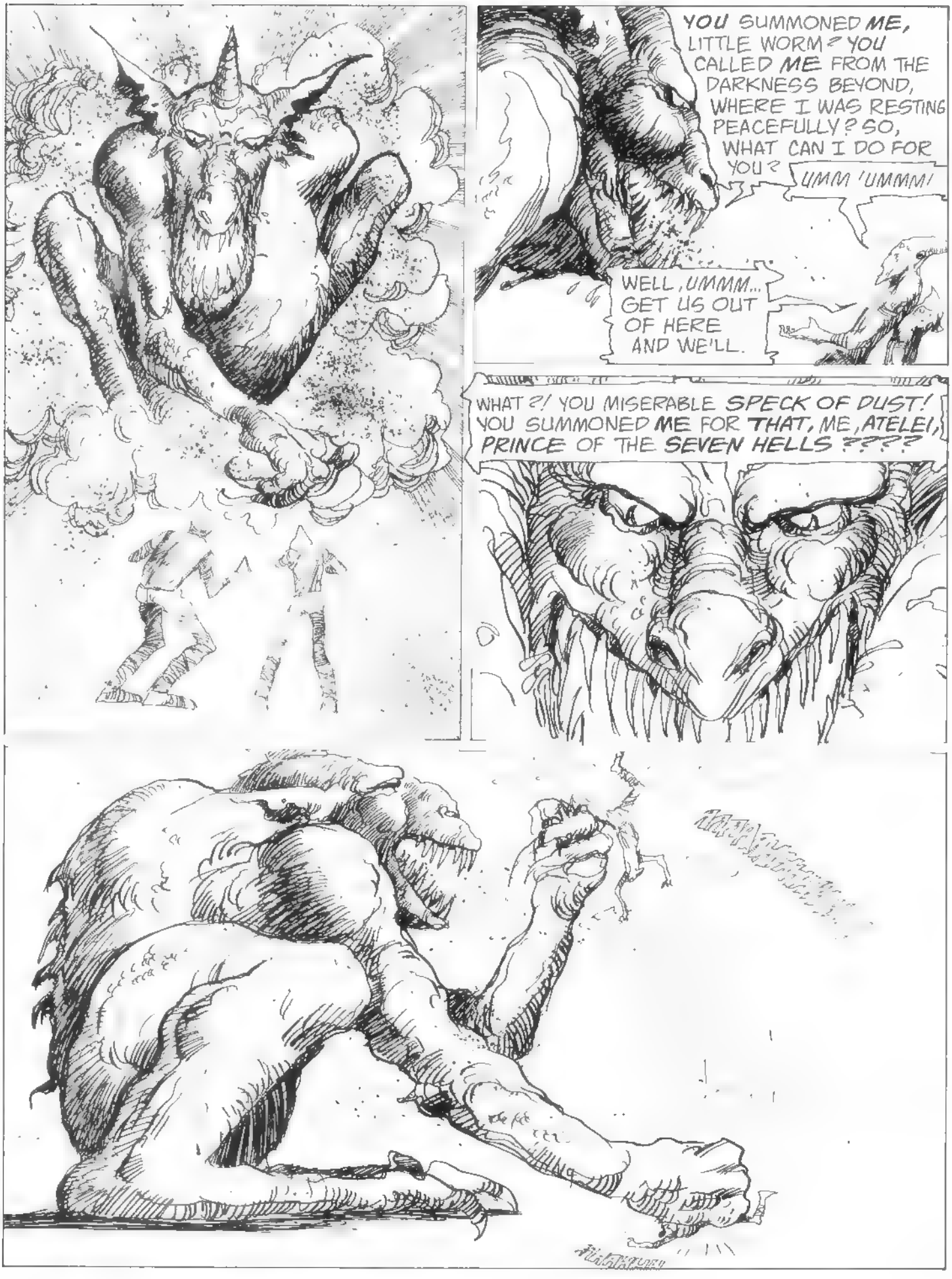

GRRRRRRR
GRRRR
GRRRRRR
BOUH!

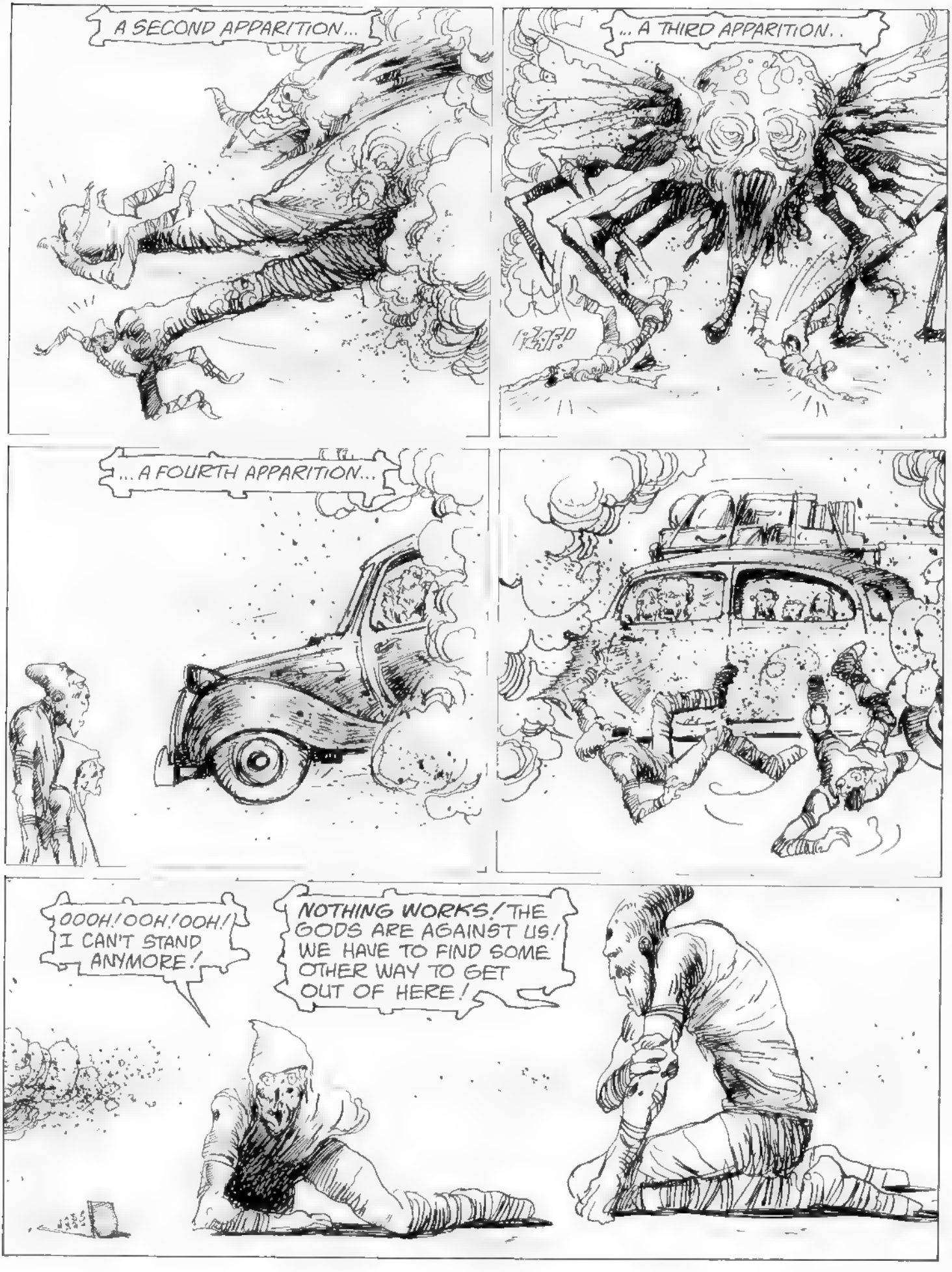

STOMP!
SPLAF!
VUZZ! VUZZ! WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
NOTHING! WE'VE JUST FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF MALICIOUS SPIRITS WHO CAN DO WHAT THEY WANT WITH US...
A SIMPLE DIVERSION, CERTAINLY VERY INNOCENT...
WHAT... WHAT IS IT?
I WANT TO GO BACK TO VALLAOR! I WANT TO GO HOME...
I AM LAIDON! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR, ISN'T IT? THE TEMPLE OF LAIDON! THE MOUNTAIN OF LAIDON! AND THE TREASURE OF LAIDON! AND I'M CERTAINLY ALL THAT. YOU HAVE FOUND ME, VALIANT WARRIORS OF VALLAOR! YOUR COURAGE IS WITHOUT EQUAL!


YOUR ARRIVAL WAS UNEXPECTED. BUT I NEED YOU TO PERFORM HIGH DEEDS, WORTHY OF WARRIORS SUCH AS YOURSELVES. YOUR REWARD WILL BE WONDERFULLY GLORIOUS, I ASSURE YOU!

WORTHY OF OUR VALOR, DON'T YOU THINK?
AND THE DAYS PASS...
by DRUILLET
VUZZZ
CHAPTER 6
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE...
THE FIRST CHANCE...
YOU BET! FOR SURE!
I'M FED UP WITH WASHING, SCRUBBING, WORKING LIKE A SLAVE FOR THAT DEMON!
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, YOURS AND THAT BITCH WITH HER JOYS OF LAIDON--I'M SICK OF YOU AND EVERYTHING ELSE!!
WHINING AGAIN?
THAT'LL DO! QUIT BELLYACHING, YOU PIG!
I HATE YOU! YOU LITTLE PRICK!
PUFF!
SPAP!
AGH!
POW!

NO!
HEY! I'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!
I'M GOING TO SUMMON UP THE DEMONS. WE'LL MAKE A PACT WITH THEM AND THEY'LL OPEN UP THE DOORS!
FAST, WHILE THE GUARDS LEAVE US IN PEACE!
UUH! I DON'T BELIEVE THAT...
SILENCE! I HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE THE DEMONS OF THE THIRD WORLD OBEY!
IIIEY! S'LHY S'LHY! IIIEY IAY! COME FROM BEYOND, COME WHEN I CALL! COME TO ME! IIIEY! IIIEY!...


YOU SUMMONED ME, LITTLE WORM? YOU CALLED ME FROM THE DARKNESS BEYOND, WHERE I WAS RESTING PEACEFULLY? SO, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
UMM 'UMMM!
WELL, UMMM... GET US OUT OF HERE AND WE'LL.
WHAT?! YOU MISERABLE SPECK OF DUST! YOU SUMMONED ME FOR THAT, ME, ATELEI, PRINCE OF THE SEVEN HELLS ????

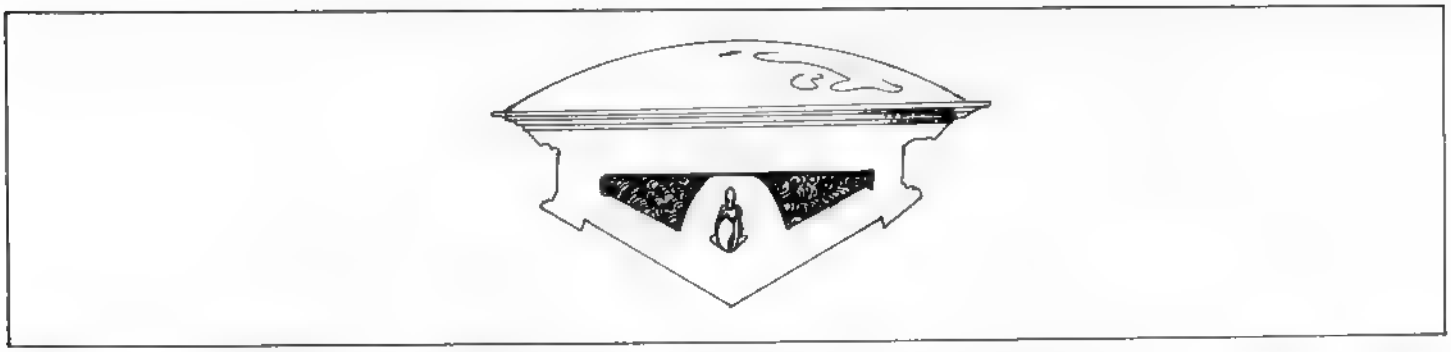

A SECOND APPARITION...
... A THIRD APPARITION...
YAP!
... A FOURTH APPARITION...
OOOH! OOH! OOH! I CAN'T STAND ANYMORE!
NOTHING WORKS! THE GODS ARE AGAINST US! WE HAVE TO FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE!

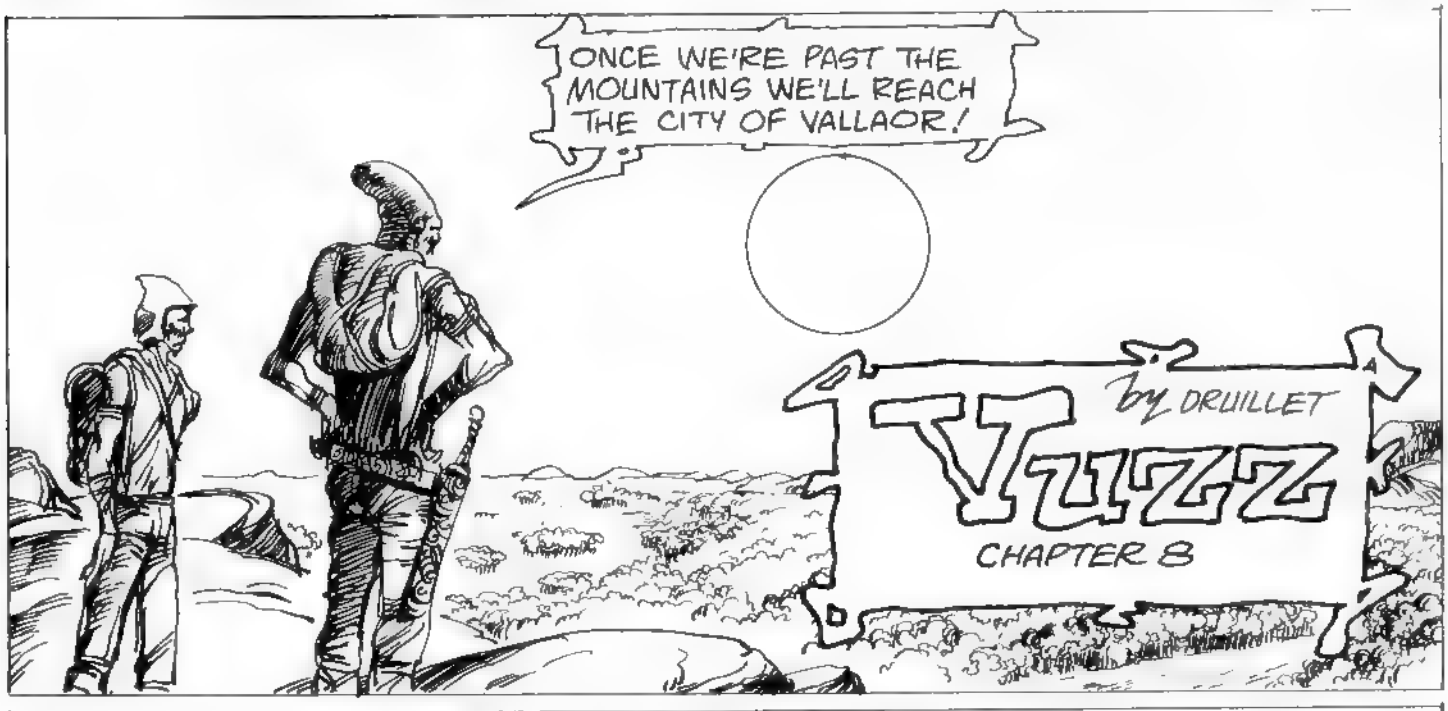
SO, MY CAVALIERS! HAVE YOU THOROUGHLY SCOURED, SCRAPED, AND CLEANED?
VERY WELL! I'M GOING TO PRESENT YOU WITH YOUR REWARD, YOU COMIC BOOK ADVENTURERS!
HEY!!!
LITTLE WIND-UP WARRIORS! LITTLE MONGRELS! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN THE WORLD... FREEDOM! AFTER A LITTLE CHASTISEMENT, SO YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER LAIDON AND ITS TREASURES BY. AND TO RID YOU OF ANY DESIRE TO RETURN TO SEE IT AGAIN. GOOD-BYE, DUSTBALLS!
OOOOH! OOH! THIS AGAIN!!
NOT A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE! UNDERSTAND?! NO ONE...
...EVER!...

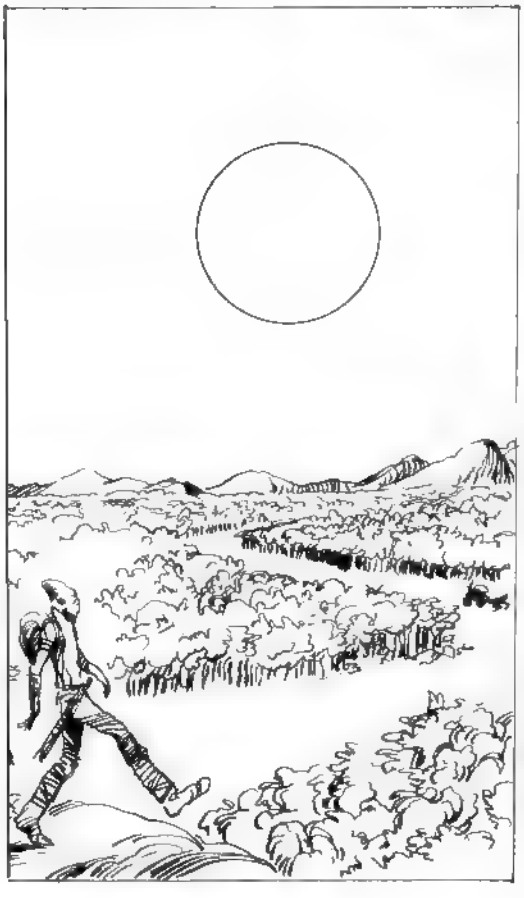
OOH! OOOH!! OOOOH!
I'M COLD! I'M HUNGRY!
SHUT UP! CAN'T YOU SMELL IT?
MEAT... MEAT... BROILED MEAT! THE SMELL OF BROILED MEAT!
by DRUILLET
VUZZZ
CHAPTER 7

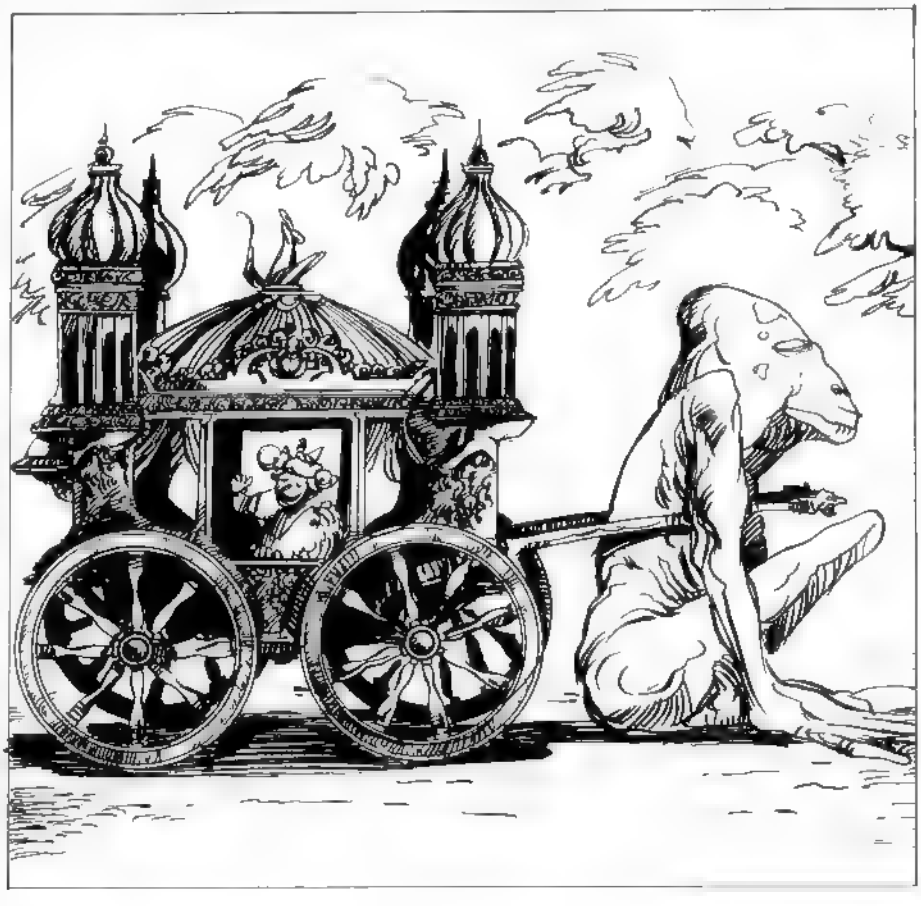
A COUPLE OF MERCHANTS! AAH! SO MUCH FOR SORCERY! I PREFER THIS. I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS.
AAAAHHHHZRRRR

AHAH!
AH!




ONCE WE'RE PAST THE MOUNTAINS WE'LL REACH THE CITY OF VALLAOR!
by DRUILLET
VUZZZ
CHAPTER 8





WELCOME! WELCOME! HEE! HEE! HEE!
YOU'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME FOR THE FESTIVITIES. HEE! HEE! HEE!
MEANS NOTHING TO ME! WHAT FESTIVITIES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
COME ON... YOU KNOW VERY WELL THERE ARE FESTIVITIES EVERY YEAR UP AT THE CASTLE. THE FESTIVAL OF THE PLEASURE OF JOY! HEE! HEE! HEE! IT'S UNFORGET-TABLE-- DELICIOUS FOOD, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN! HEE! HEE! HEE!
HEE! HEE! HEE!
COME ON, GET IN! CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU ANY LONGER! HEE! HEE! HEE!

YOU'LL SEE--WHAT A FESTIVAL!
HEY! THIS CARRIAGE OF YOURS IS GOING A LITTLE TOO FAST!
80
IT'S SO THAT WE'LL GET THERE ON TIME, DEAR FRIENDS! HEY!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF BEING PUSHED AROUND!...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HOW VERY UNPLEASANT! AAAARRG!!

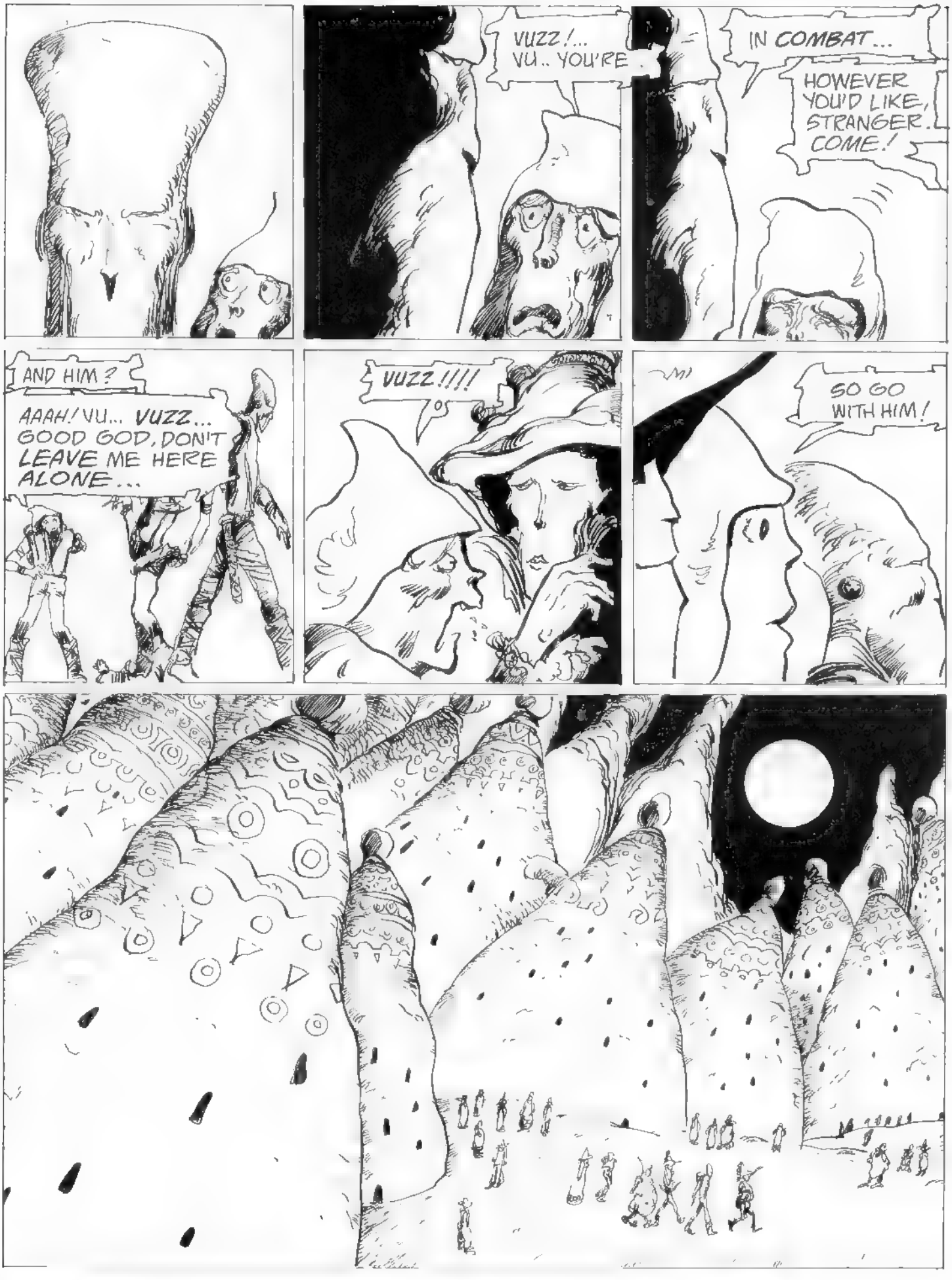
PPSSSSHHHHH
I KNEW IT!

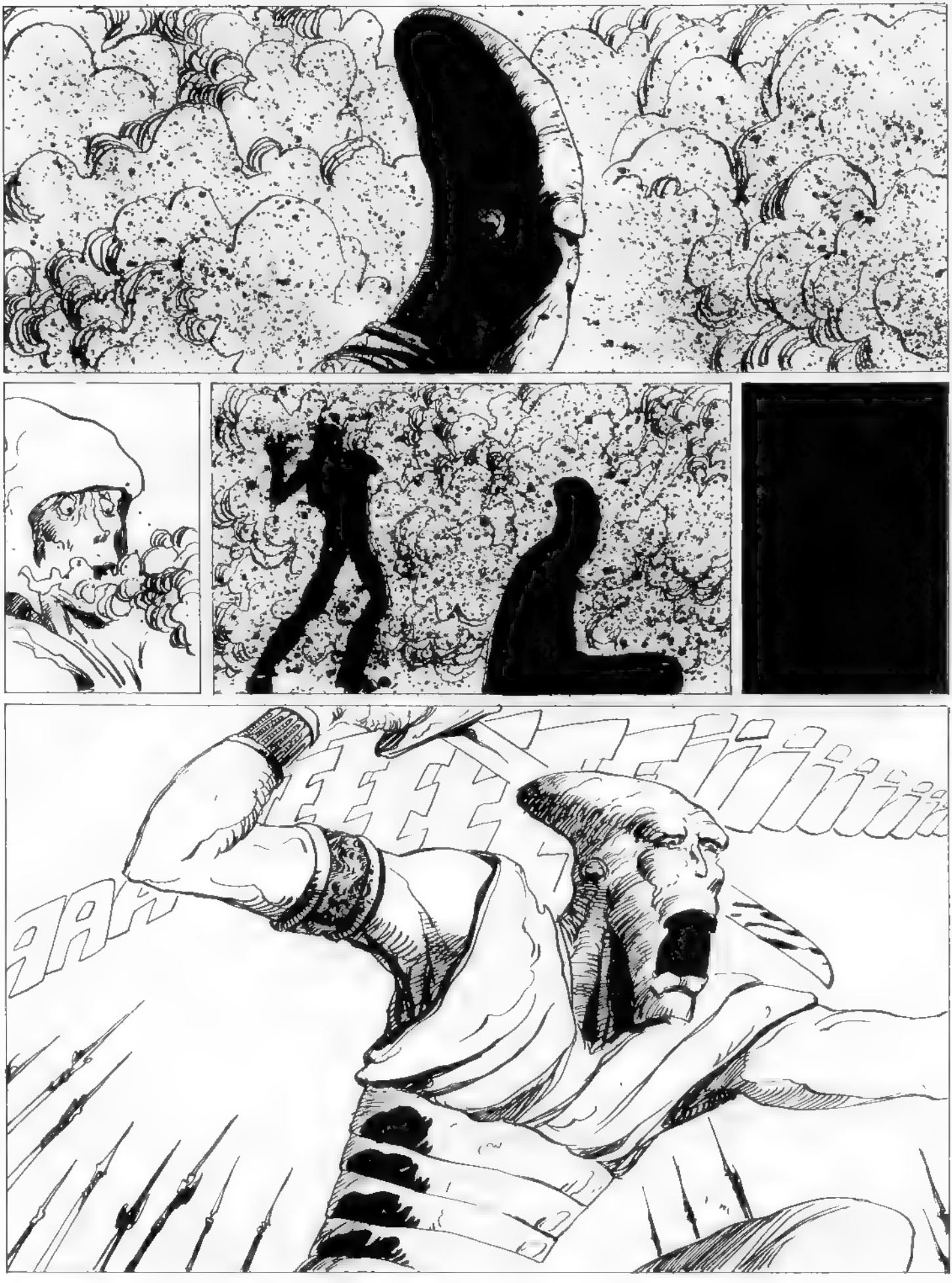
THIS WORLD, WHERE A MAN CAN'T TAKE A STEP WITHOUT FINDING HIS MASTER, HIS RIVAL, OR HIS SLAVE BORES ME STIFF!...
AH, VALLAOR, THE WORLD WE LIVE IN! THE STINK OF BODIES MAKES ME VOMIT!!
I'M FED UP! I'VE HAD A BELLYFUL...
WHAT'S COME OVER HIM? HEY! WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING ON ABOUT?
WHAT THE HELL? WHAT THE HELL DOES IT MATTER IN THIS WORLD OF STENCH? I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!
A SUIVKE
I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING HAD!
COME ON, IT'S TIME...
TIME FOR WHAT?
TIME TO DIE!...

VUZZ
DIE? NO WAY. I-- I DON'T WANT TO CROAK!!
YOU'RE LOONY, VUZZ! ANSWER ME, YOU SHIT! I WANT TO GO BACK TO VALLAOR!....
by DRUILLET
VUZZZ
CHAPTER 9

YOU CAN GO!
GO? BUT IF I'M ALONE I'LL GET LOST!
VUZZ! LISTEN TO ME! IT'S ALL GOING TO BE O.K. AGAIN. BIMBOS, GRUB, EVERYTHING WE WANT!
WHAT IS THIS PLACE? WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

I'VE COME TO DIE!
SPLENDID, STRANGER!... AND HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DIE? AT PLEASURE? IN REPOSE? OR IN COMBAT?


VUZZ!... VU.. YOU'RE.
IN COMBAT...
HOWEVER YOU'D LIKE, STRANGER. COME!
AND HIM?
AAAH! VU... VUZZ... GOOD GOD, DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE...
VUZZ!!!!
SO GO WITH HIM!

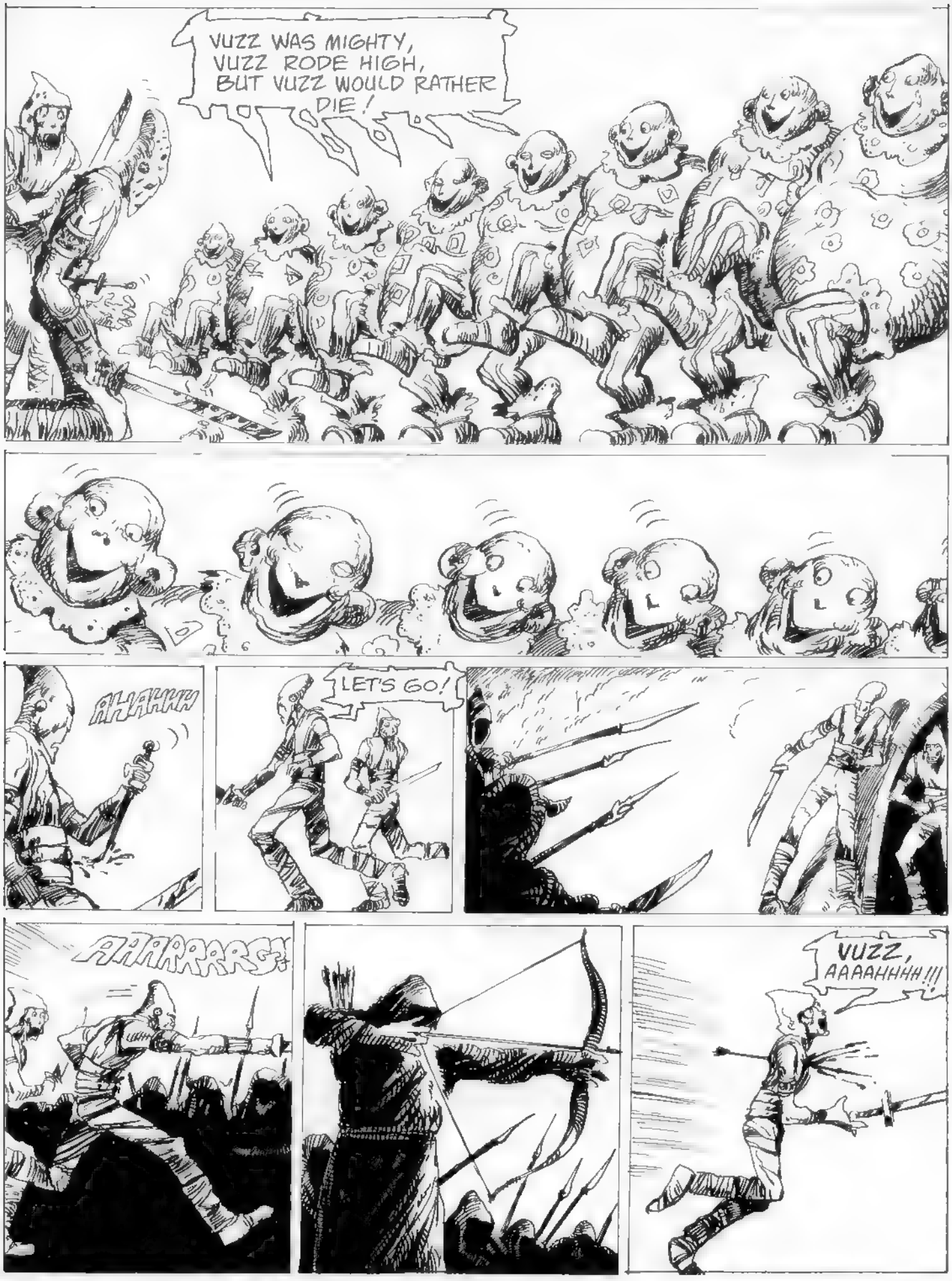


AEEEEEiiiii
AAAHH! THE MAGIC MOMENT BE-FORE BATTLE! AND THIS TIME I ACTUALLY KNOW HOW IT WILL TURN OUT!

POOF!
NEED A LITTLE HELP, DEAR BOY?
AH! HA! OF COURSE, OF COURSE, IT'S YOU, YOU OLD GEEZER! IT'S ALL OVER. BEAT IT!
ME, SAVE MYSELF FROM DEATH? HA! HA!
OOOH! VUZZ, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT US INTO?
I, VUZZ, A SLAVE ALL MY LIFE, I WILL BE THE MASTER OF MY DEATH!...

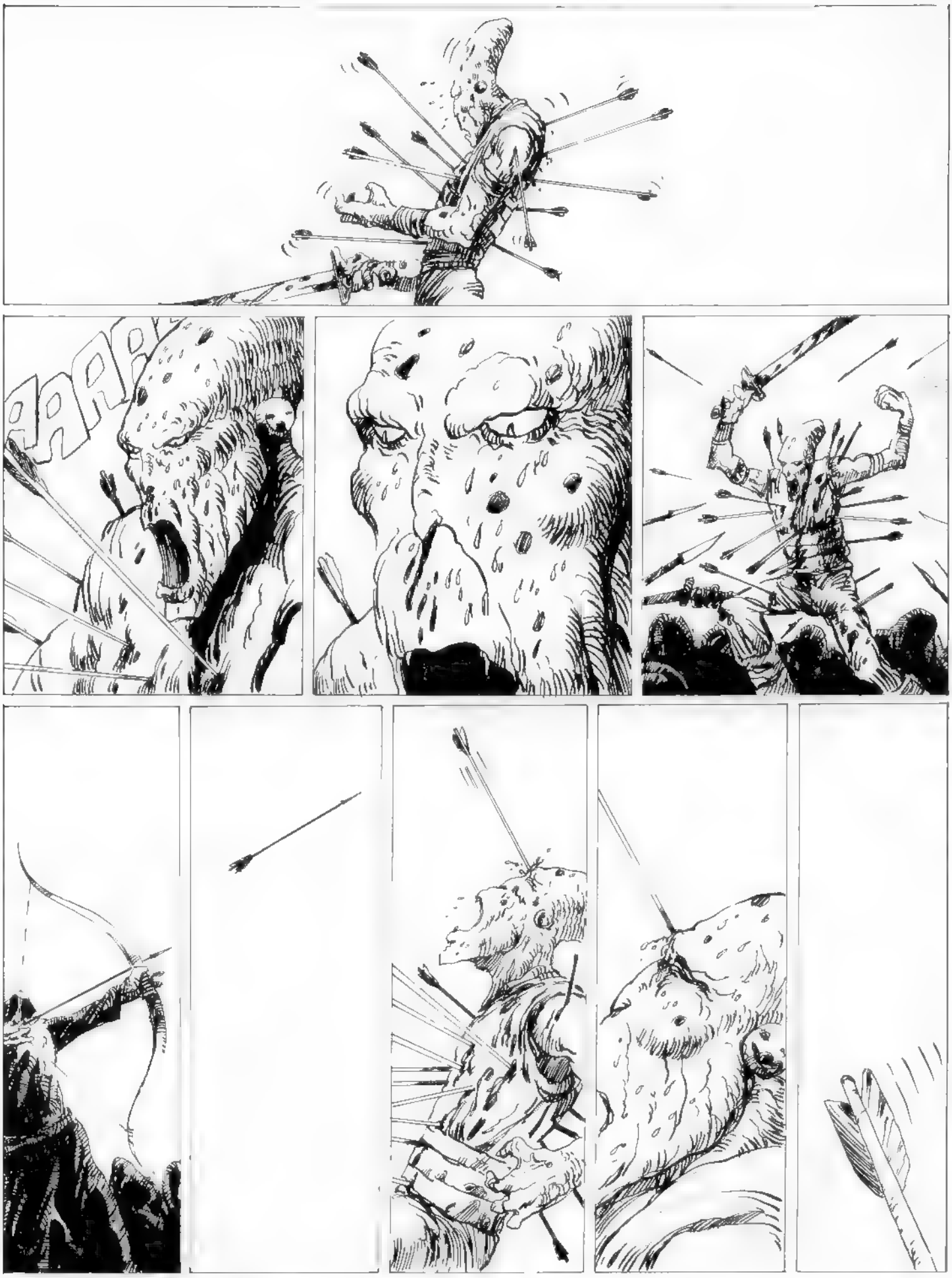
CLEAVE! SLASH! HACK!
DEATH! LEAP! RAGE!
AHH
SHUM!
WOE! WOE! THE FARCE IS OVER! REALITY AT LAST!
A LITTLE KISS, JUST A LITTLE KISS!

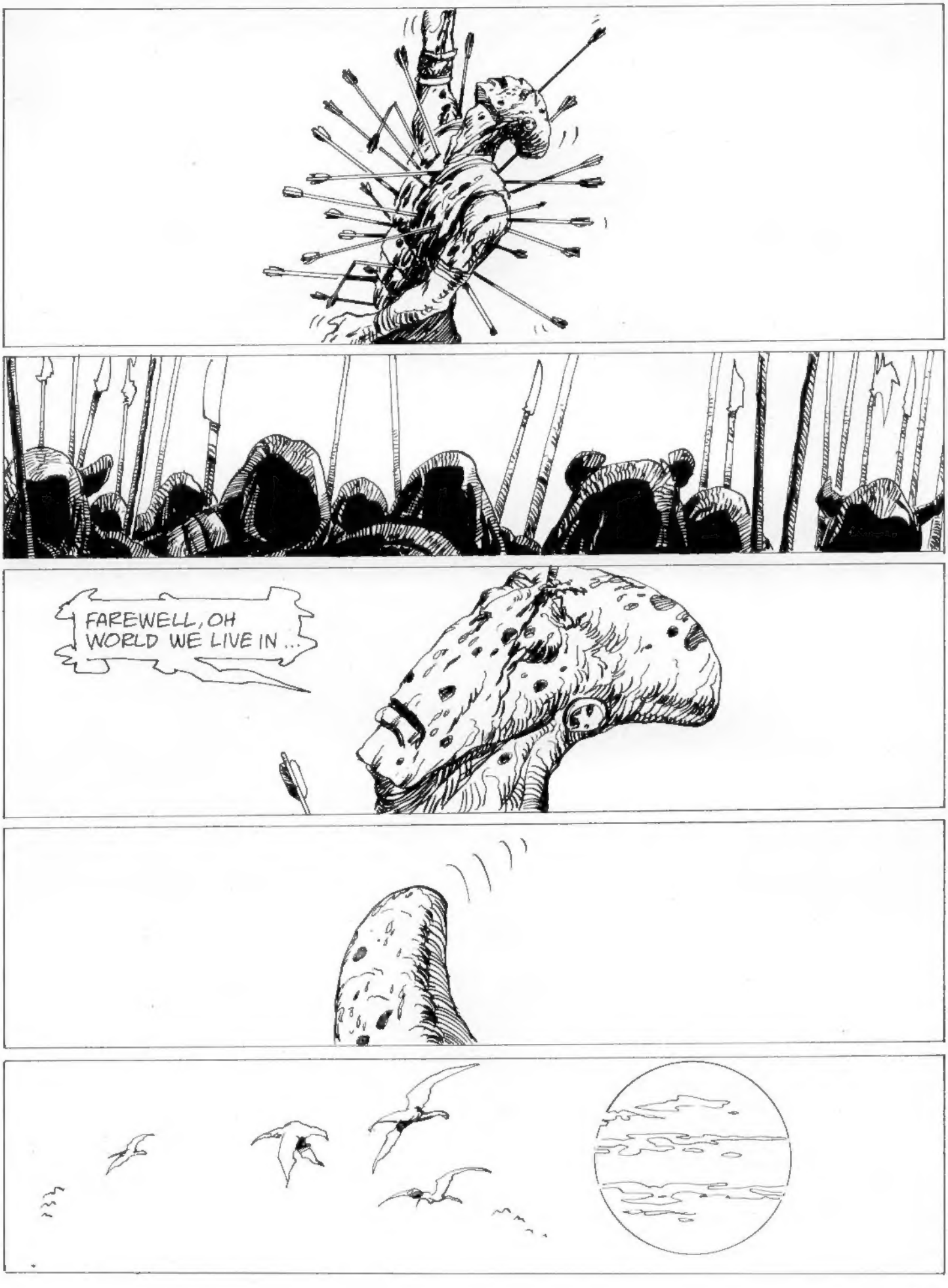
CRACK!
VUZZ! IN HERE, A HIDING PLACE!
WHY? IT'S USELESS.
HAPPY DEATH DAY, DEAR VUZZ, HAPPY DEATH DAY TO YOU!
VUZZ WILL DIE! DIDDLE DIE DIE DIE!
GOOD-BYE, VUZZY, WE HATE TO SEE YOU GO!

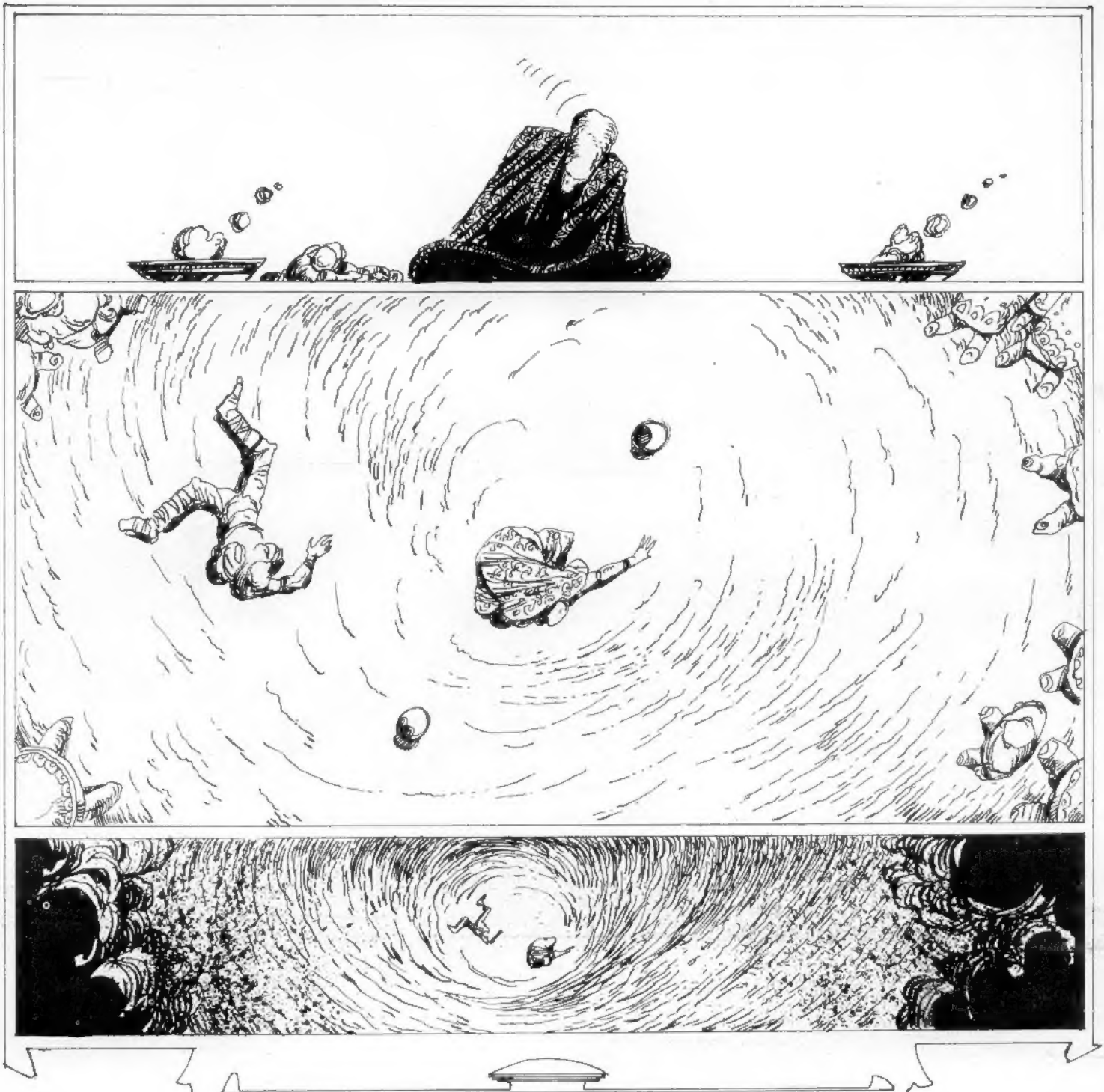

VUZZ WAS MIGHTY, VUZZ RODE HIGH, BUT VUZZ WOULD RATHER DIE!
AHAHHH
LET'S GO!
AIIRRRRRG!
VUZZ, AAAAHHHH!!!

IT'S CRAZY... SHIT... WHY?...
GOOD-BYE, VUZZ, GOOD-BYE!...

JUST A KISS... JUST ONE!
AAAA!
YOU?


AAAA!


FAREWELL, OH WORLD WE LIVE IN ...


FAREWELL, VUZZ ... FAREWELL TO YOUR FOLLIES, YOUR GRANDEUR, YOUR NOBILITY, AND YOUR HORRORS... FAREWELL, ALREADY FORGOTTEN CHARACTER... ALREADY NO ONE ANY LONGER KNOWS YOUR NAME ... THAT WIND THAT BLOWS, THE BIRD WHO SINGS, THE SEA, THE SKY, AND THE STARS... WHO REMEMBERS?
1974

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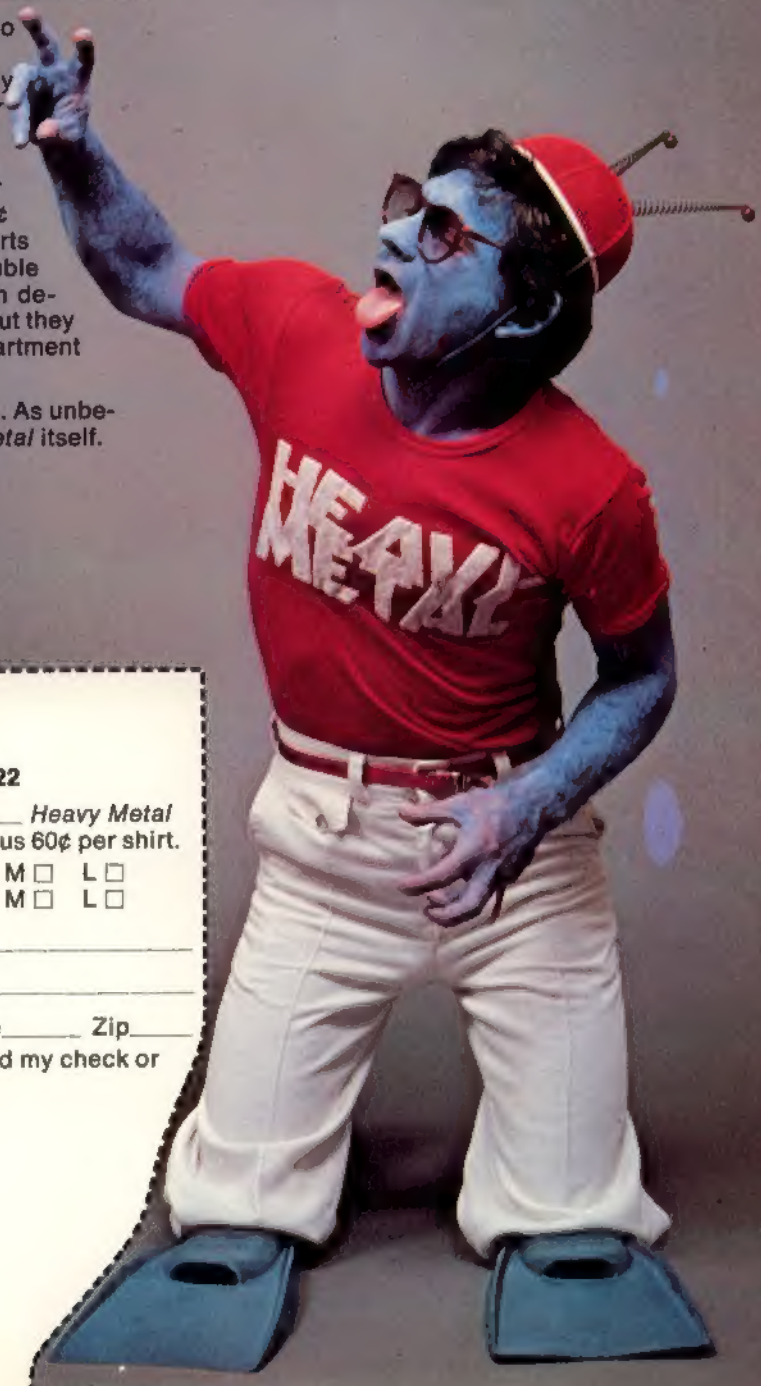

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